

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE BELL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I saw her in life's early morning season,  
In infant beauty, like some flower elysian  
When morning's dews are on it yet;  
And round that opening but they met,  
While tenderly the cadence fell,  
Full of joy—the christ'ning bell!

The christening bell!

I saw her in her beauty, when they led her  
In maidenhood's young loveliness, to wed  
her;

These lovely eyes of joy did speak;  
His rose was on her radiant cheek,  
As laughingly the cadence fell,  
Full of hope—the marriage bell!

The marriage bell!

I saw her once again, all coldly lying,  
Beyond the joy—beyond the later sighing;  
How perfect was that dreamless rest;  
With meek hands folded on the breast;  
While mournfully the cadence fell,  
Like a sob—the passing bell!

The passing bell!

Ah happy—not for her those faded flowers,  
And withered hopes—and woes of later  
hours!

Why should she linger here to feel  
The world's cold shadows o'er her steal,  
And hear the bitter, bitter knell  
Of joys that die—like tolling bell!

Like tolling bell!

She shall not hear the knell of joys de-  
parted;—  
That tone of woe that mocks the broken  
heart;

There lingers still a tender trace  
Of joy upon her death-sealed face;  
Then gently let them swell  
The lullaby—oh, passing bell!

Kind passing bell!

When once the freshness of the heart hath  
vanished,  
And joy from out the world-worn breast is  
banished,  
Then what is left life's wanderer here,  
Except the unavailing tear,  
And memories sad, which are the knell  
Of days gone by—Hope's passing bell!

Sad passing bell!

FRANK.

THE

## DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,  
AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

Leonoore was sitting alone, and looked up surprised when Miss Copeland appeared.

"Perhaps I am intruding now; shall I come in again? I only want to say a few words to you?"

Her visitor asked this standing by the door with her hand still holding it partly open.

"No, certainly not; come in, pray, and tell me what it can be that you have to say to me."

She got up and brought a chair, and with a coquettish air, affected to be surprised and honored by the visit.

"It is such a rarity, you know," she said.

"We meet so constantly, and there is so little to demand a private conference, that I don't wonder it seems odd—please forgive me if it should seem more than that when I am done—for I assure you nothing but the strictest sense of duty could reconcile me to the apparent interference in your affairs."

Leonoore raised her brows inquiringly, and having seated herself on the lounge where Olivia had found her, rose and went over to the dressing-table, which stood close at hand, and leaning on it, looked steadily into the speaker's face.

Olivia seemed confused and embarrassed, and found great difficulty in speaking.

"In explaining why I come to you in this way, I hope you will understand that I do not claim any authority—that is—I speak from no cold or critical motives. Oh, Leonoore, feel towards me, if you can, as if I were your friend—your sister—and let my warning reach your heart without rousing your pride or anger."

"What can you mean?" asked Leonoore, speaking slowly, and looking a figure of blank amazement.

Olivia cleared her throat, and broke suddenly and desperately into her subject.

"Mr. Raye comes here constantly, in a very singular manner. You do not see society in

the usual way; half our friends are ignored by you; but he claims your attention by waylaying and intercepting your walks; and—acting very inexplicably."

Her first words had been quite calm and grave, but she soon lost her self-possession, and ended in a strong inclination to tears.

Leonoore's face lost every shade of color and became a ghastly, disagreeable white. She made a motion towards Olivia, but stopped quickly, and breathed hard, as if in pain.

Her companion seemed to gain courage on seeing her thus affected, and went on:

"I am glad I have not wounded you; I had much rather see you angry than pained; and now I can tell you quietly why I speak as I do. Mr. Raye is notoriously an indifferent husband, and a gay man of the world. His constant presence at The Poplars without his wife, is in itself objectionable; and his mysterious devotion to you, is reprehensible in the extreme; but I hold you perfectly blameless, and am so much interested in your happiness, that I have dared to encounter your anger, and possible misunderstanding, rather than allow you to be the subject of gossip and misrepresentation."

"You are greatly beloved by all, miss," murmured Barbara softly. "You have youth, beauty, talent and wealth; what more could a mother ask for her child?"

"A mother would know that love, and the power of winning it, are better than all these, Barbara; my mother never loved me, I should have felt the memory of her fondness; every girl's heart should embalm the remembrance of affection; mine is a chaos of strange faces, a confusion of curious incidents, shreds of mystery, and empty yearnings. Out of such a soil there is but little bloom or fruit. I am utterly alone, and find no comfort or pleasure in myself."

The soft, tender touch of the swift and skillful hands that smoothed and swirled over her hair was the only response to the half-silouette of the brooding girl. The minutes flew, and the long, shiny ripples shone in the light that fell upon them, as Barbara's fingers shaped them into flowing earls; the eyes that were partly closed grew heavy, and soon the long lashes swept the cheeks, soft and faint came the gentle breathing, and the troubled heart had left its tangled thread in the skin of life at peace, and rested in soft oblivion a little while. The delicate rose blush warmed upon her face, and her red lips parted in a happy smile, while the poor housekeeper's tresses had stoled gently over her brow. Then Barbara, pausing and holding her breath, restored her beauty, that gleamed with renewed brilliance after its momentary eclipse, she held Olivia's hand tight clasped within her own, and pressed it eagerly to her breast.

She listened vouching no answer, she turned, and moved towards the door. She had reached it, and taken the handle, when Leonoore sprang towards her. Surprised and a little frightened, she started back and almost disengaged the hand the excited creature had caught. It was only an instant that had passed since she had stood looking at the wrathful face—and now as her eyes rested on it, behold it was transformed. It had been cold and hard as stone—now it was bathed in tears, and flashing with the light of appealing love; the deadly color had gone, and a bright flash of blushing feeling warmed it to a glow; the tender light restored her beauty, that gleamed with renewed brilliance after its momentary eclipse, face with all her soul in her hungry eyes.

Would Miss Copeland have known the reticent woman whose imperturbable quiet, broken only during the past time of her sickness, now gave way to passionate and unmeasured tenderness? Certainly not. Barbara had been nervous and irritable, but never affectionate; and the tears of love and devotion that wet the hair she pressed so fervently to her lips, were drops that none at The Poplars had ever seen in those unfathomable eyes.

By and-by the sleeper moved uneasily and murmured fretfully in her sleep, as if the position were painful. Then Barbara slipping her arms softly around her, raised her as easily in her strong grasp as if she had been a mere infant, and carrying her to the bed, laid her down without rousing her to perfect consciousness. No mother's hands ever fulfilled the offices of love more fondly than the housekeeper's in soothing and covering the scarcely grateful beauty; and a mother's patience and long-enduring devotion shone in her face as she sat down to watch the sleeper's rest.

CHAPTER IV.  
A WARNING BLOW.

After Miss Copeland's warning, Mr. Raye brought his wife to make an afternoon visit at The Poplars, and drink tea, like good country neighbors should, without ceremony, he said. He was in gay spirits, and consequently a marked contrast to his rather drooping wife. Mrs. Raye had been absent on a visit to her old home and Uncle Stephen, and being an impulsive creature, could speak of nothing else, although it was evidently a subject little relished by her polished lord.

Miss Copeland rather encouraged it on that account, it would appear, and listened to the poor wife's description of her dear relative, and all the fond delightful memories that came back as she looked around the place of her childhood happiness and hope, with a quick glance at Mr. Raye from time to time, which the wily gentleman met with a sweet smile.

"But I am boring you with all this," said Mrs. Raye suddenly. She had paused to wipe away a flood of irrepressible tears that flowed at the allusion to her parting with Uncle Stephen. "How are the dear young ladies, Miss Adah and Miss Bertha?"

"My sisters are well," replied Olivia, noting that Miss Raye was not named in the question. "They will be in presently, for I have sent to tell them you are here. But indeed your home picture interests me, and

your kind uncle, what a noble old gentleman he must be."

The good hearted lady's face glowed with gratified feeling.

"Oh, indeed you would say so if you knew Lionel to have him so anxious about our affairs, but he does not mean it is an interference, it is his love for me, that is really all that prompts him to—"

"But where is Miss Raye?" cried her husband at this point; he spoke gayly, and his tone was quick and sudden, as if the thought had just occurred to him, but he stole a warning glance at the speaker, whose confidence he had interrupted, and she sank into frightened silence.

"I am here, happy to be missed and asked for," cried Leonoore's voice at the door, and she followed it with her presence, standing rosy and breathless, with her garden hat in her hand, a picture of beaming beauty.

Mr. Raye advanced towards her with bold admiration in his eyes; she passed him coolly, and came directly to her wife. It was evident that lady shrank from her, though she sought to hide it, and assumed a burlesque manner of her own.

"I have been staying at your old home for a fortnight," she said; "how delightful it must be to go back where there is true old love to welcome you. You once told me about your uncle, and showed me a little picture of him. I can never forget what a fine, noble-looking man he was."

Now this was a theme that would have melted poor Mrs. Raye's heart toward the bitterest enemy in the world. She shawed instantly, and drew her chair a little nearer Leonoore, whom she only distrusted and felt uncomfortable with.

"Yes, if you only knew him," she whispered.

"I hope some time to persuade Lionel and him to meet each other—it is not unfortunate two such noble men should differ, and the cause be their love for me—but I trust they will be reconciled, and I must acknowledge that dear Uncle Stephen is to blame." Lionel never thought of disagreeing till he began to interfere—what a shocking thing it is to have property, Miss Raye. You cannot think how much I wish for Lionel's sake that I had been poor, it would have saved him so much uneasiness."

Miss Raye's simple grave as she listened to the simple childlike tone of trustfulness, and saw the truthful, innocent eyes seek her so appealingly. She was nearly half a dozen years younger than the speaker, but Miss Raye seemed so helplessly confiding, that she felt old and cunning in comparison.

"I should be sorry to lose my fortune," she said thoughtfully, "it gives me a sense of power, and it ought to be able to give happiness too."

"Oh, mine does not; I think we would be truly blessed if it were not for the dread of foul money, it keeps us continually worried. I cannot explain to any one how I hate it."

Very opportunely for Mrs. Raye, who was flushed and almost tearful on the subject of her troubles, Adah and Bertha entered and changed the theme. They made no allusion to Uncle Stephen or the home visit, so she did not again fall into confidence, and recovering her composure, withdrew from Leonoore slightly, and seemed to regard her with reawakened coldness and distrust. It was a lovely summer weather now, and Mr. Wetherington of Maple Hill was going to delight the gay world with a fancy ball in honor of young Barton's birthday. Mrs. Barton's boy being the only man child in a large family, a grand ovation to the heir was arranged, and the ladies from The Poplars were going to be there. It was the first time they had accepted an invitation to so large a festivity, and the twin sisters were pleasantly excited on the subject of what should be worn, and how much others black prettily demanded should mingle in their circle.

Mrs. Raye took delight in such things also, and the discourse grew animated. Her husband hailed this diversion with satisfaction. Leonoore had little to say, she preferred effect rather than discussion in dress, and knew that she had the art of taking them by storm with her exquisite devices. She stood apart and Mr. Raye joined her; he had something important to say—he had discovered the exact truth of some little subject in dispute between them on a former occasion, and possessed the art of making trifles both interesting and important. He was brilliant and eloquent only on small themes, and without a grand motive or noble aspiration his intellect frittered itself away in fancy plumes of brightness, content to spend its strength in earning efforts to gratify his unscrupulous desire.

He had determined to be microscopically correct in all the particulars, so he had made notes on his tablet; they must go to the bay window, that he might consult the writing, which was faint on the ivy leaf.

That was what he wished, there they were together, away from the group, who all

thrust in, compared gossip as to the Maple

Hill splendors. Olivia was not too deeply engrossed to be unconscious of the manoeuvre. She looked sharply at Leonoore, at the position, and that glance detected the perverse little creature. She smiled on Mr. Raye and followed him instantly.

The heavy lace curtains fell behind them as they passed beneath the drapery and stood in the clear summer light. Their figures were like shadows behind the screen, but annoyingly clear to Olivia, whose angry glance followed them in their retreat. Unconscious Mrs. Raye was so full of the idea of being a shepherdess in a blue and white silk with spangles, that she was for the moment forgetful of her wandering lord.

"Be Aurora," she persuaded Adah; "your hair is so long and golden, and white and pink would be so becoming."

It was an interesting topic, and no wonder the ladies, throwing themselves into the spirit of it, were unmindful of all else. Nearly half an hour went by, and the two forms still showed their outline through the curtain, and Olivia's eyes watched them covertly while she feigned to join in the character discussion, and submit to the rather modernized dress of Minerva that was improvised for her own adornment.

"If we had a Rebecca and a Rowena, Mr. Wallace would be a grand Ivanhoe," said Mrs. Raye, quite elated at the genius she was developing for fancy dress.

Olivia gave a sudden start and uttered a half-formed exclamation.

"Should you object to it?" asked the distributor of characters, with wide-opened eyes. "I beg your pardon, but I thought it would be exceedingly becoming."

Olivia murmured some unintelligible reply, and remained singularly flushed and disengaged looking. She had not even heard her lover "call" as Ivanhoe; her nervous watchfulness had been rewarded by seeing Mr. Raye, who was standing close beside Leonoore, take her unresisting hand and press it to his lips. Mrs. Raye glanced timidly from one to the other of the sisters.

"I did not mean that Mr. Wallace should be suspected of having any love but one," she said, in awkward explanation. "I am essaying the shepherdess, and I'm sure I don't think I ever spoke to a sheep in my life. I didn't mean to say there was a real Rebecca, you know."

Before she had quite finished her wandering apology, a sharp crash startled them all, and a fall of shattered glass strewed the carpet in the bay window; the same moment Miss Raye ran out, white and frightened, and Mr. Raye followed, his face streaming with blood. His wife's innocent pleasure died out of her face, and with a cry of horror she rose, then fell back and fainted away, partly falling from her chair.

Miss Copeland was the only one who retained the power of speech.

"How did it happen? What is it?" she asked.

Mr. Raye was no hero—he was pitifully startled, and his very lips were white.

"I cannot tell," he stammered, with a cowardly tremble in his voice. "I was speaking to Miss Raye, and totally unprepared for such a thing. I beg Miss Copeland, that you'll allow some of your people to ride to Dr. Wilson's, it's only a quarter of a mile, and this would bleed copiously."

He had never once glanced at his fainting wife, but seemed more than necessarily alive to his own suffering. Olivia rang the bell and begged her gardener's son to go at once, or the trace may be lost."

Bertha, the most helpless of young ladies, looked perfectly dazed when left to attend to the wounded man, and Leonoore, who seemed scarcely less alarmed, came to her relief instantly by using her own bandage.

"What shall I do?" murmured Adah.

"Mrs. Raye is going to die. Oh, look at her face, how white it is!"

Olivia returned with a servant, bringing vinegar, wine and smelling salts.

"I cannot find Barbara, she had gone to the village for household orders, and we must do the best we can. Give me a napkin, Hetty; that banderole is not sufficient to prevent the flow of blood, Mr. Raye."

So with a cold and constrained manner, but perfectly skillful hands, Miss Copeland re-bound Mr. Raye's gashed forehead, and assisted in restoring his wife.

"The wound was a disagreeable one, but as it afterwards proved, neither severe nor dangerous." The poor lady herself was quite ill and languid, and regaining her consciousness, was still so pale and faint that she could not stand upon her feet.

"Do not be alarmed, dear Mrs. Raye," said Olivia, pitying her. "I do not think your husband's injury will prove at all serious."

"It was the fright that was the worst of it. I cannot now discover the origin of such a strange affair, but I am very, very sorry that you are its victim."

"Thank you, you're very good, but I'm so much frightened. Oh, Lionel, cannot you speak to me?"

"Don't disturb yourself, I beg," he said, "I am away from the sofa where he lay. I must see a physician before I can know the extent of the injury."

"Dear Miss Copeland, beg him to go home at once. I am too, too startled to know what to do till we arrive at home. Pray, Lionel, do our own people understand how to wait on you, and you can be back in the carriage. Oh, I am so faint and sick."

Olivia endeavored to quiet her. "I trust you will give yourself no further uneasiness about your husband," she said. "You have alarmed yourself needlessly. I hope Mr. Raye must decide for himself. The Poplars is at his service, and we will do all we can to remedy the injury as mysteriously received here."

"Send my wife home," he gasped, behind his handkerchief. "I will not move till I see Dr. Wilson."

Leonore had somehow slipped out of the room unseen, and Adah and Bertha now relieved from duty by Mrs. Raye's returning strength, would fain have followed her example, but their sister's eyes detained them.

After all, Mr. Raye was absurdly nervous.

It was a painful and disagreeable cut, no doubt, but the blood was stopped, and his disturbed manner seemed the result of fear rather than pain. Miss Copeland stood in resolve, the physician must arrive in a few moments, but Mrs. Raye seemed really too ill to remain in her chair. "If Barbara were only here," she thought, "she would drive home with her and see that she was cared for properly."

"Dear me, what shall I do?"

"Mr. Wallace," said the servant, and Louis followed his name quickly, but stood still on the threshold at the unusual sight of Mr. Raye's figure extended on the sofa, and his wife supported in a chair.

"We have had a strange accident," explained Olivia hurriedly, "some one threw a sharp flint through the glass window and cut Mr. Raye's forehead. Mrs. Raye is frightened and sick. I am glad you came, for I am almost distracted."

Louis went directly up to the prostrate figure on the sofa and took it in charge, to the unbounded relief of the perturbed young hostess, and the doctor soon following, dressed the wound and administered restoratives of a tranquilizing nature to the lady.

Then it transpired why Mr. Raye had been so ridiculously overcome. He bore the pain with many grimaces, but when the dressing was complete, faltered:

"Tell me the exact truth, doctor, shall I be discharged?"

The breathless and almost agonized interest with which he hung upon the answer, proved plainly what value he set upon his personal charms, and the doctor's rather hasty reply.

"Pshaw, a mere nothing, only a scratch that will leave you no excuse for the face you're making in a week or two," said him with such intense satisfaction that he now up-declaring himself entirely well, and ready to go at once, and allow poor Miss Copeland to recover from the shocking trouble they had made her.

"But if you are really better, Mr. Raye, you must see that Mrs. Raye is safe," said Olivia, decidedly. "I wish she would allow me to keep her here till she feels stronger."

"No, no," said the lady, very firmly. "I want to go home, please. I'm very good, but I want to go home."

"Very properly. You are," said her husband. "Home is the very best place for nervous people, and we're having our friends every moment we see. Let me, may I trouble you for your arm? I'm a trifle unsteady yet, as you see."

And he was moving towards the door, allowing his wife to follow as he had done, when the poor lady begged,

"Dear Miss Copeland, pray see how it happened. Oh, I shall never know power again, it seemed like a dream, a wicked design to take Lionel's life, and I shall always feel unsafe till it is explained."

"Pshaw," said Mr. Raye, gruffly. "I beg that you will not annoy Miss Copeland with such nonsense. Who could wish to injure me?" "Why should I be dangerous?" I insist on your admitting such absurd fancy instantly. Louis, my good fellow, you will return for my wife, Miss Copeland. I beg that you will forget this little contretemps when we meet, poor afternoon. And he bowed himself out with an assumption of ease that did not entirely hide his inward perturbation.

Left with the young ladies, the perturbed wife gave way to her feelings in impeded confidence.

"It's perfectly awful, you know," she said, speaking with the rest of us. "We have had two or three such things this summer, within the last few months, and I fear sure we are in a malignant and rounded by enemies. I have been writing to such a mysterious way, and waste of all time, over the water, that frightened me to death. I saw a wild bear in the Park that looked like a spectre, and made my heart stand still, and my blood turn to ice. It said something I could not understand, about Miss Raye, and I have felt continually afraid of her ever since. Mr. Wilson, and I am so much troubled, but really I think I am going to tell—my heart feels quite well."

So Louis silently but kindly despatched Mr. Raye to the carriage, in the corner of which his husband lay back purposely out of sight, for it had just occurred to him that the adhesive plaster on his forehead was very inconvenient.

The young ladies followed their departing guests to the hall-door, with many expressions of sympathy and kindness; but when the carriage rolled away, all four looked at each other with blank inquiry, and coming back into the drawing room, sat down to compare their individual confusion.

Adah's and Bertha's was soon told; they were the first to speak.

"Oh, what an odd, disagreeable thing to happen in one's drawing room," and "What uncomfortable sort of people to know," they said.

"Now tell me all about it, just how it happened, and what your impressions are as to how it was done," asked Louis of Olivia.

All she could do was to tell him what she

had seen, and when she mentioned Leonore's retiring with their guest for such a second conference, the young man's brow darkened; and although she did not tell that she had seen Mr. Raye actually caress the little lady, who in her own heart she utterly condemned, it was evident from Mr. Wallace's manner, that he had heard enough.

"Confound the man," he said, wrathfully—then glanced at the younger sisters, and stopped. They, dear girls, were happy in escape; and seeing, by certain signs, that their presence could be excused, flew to their room to talk it over, and ask their little oracle what it all meant.

She was not there, nor could they find her till she appeared at tea, fresh and buoyant in contrast to the rest of the household, who were depressed and rather distraught since.

"Send my wife home," he gasped, behind his handkerchief. "I will not move till I see Dr. Wilson."

Leonore had somehow slipped out of the room unseen, and Adah and Bertha now relieved from duty by Mrs. Raye's returning strength, would fain have followed her example, but their sister's eyes detained them.

After this the Bays did not appear at The Poplars till after the Wetherington affair Miss Copeland sent to inquire, and hearing that Mrs. Raye was quite sick, continued to send constantly, until the lady was sufficiently recovered to receive friends, then she and Adah drove over to call, and found her much changed, with the signs of real illness about her, and a nervous, troubled manner, that did not speak well for her husband's care or tender nursing.

This was the day before the fancy party at Maple Hill, and the young ladies were full of delightful excitement on her return. Jean had been there, bringing just what was needed to make their toilet perfect, and intense satisfaction ringing in the breasts of her sisters who had completed the dresses of those respective characters beyond their expectations. Adah as "Aurora" and Bertha as "Persephone," had studied their costumes from every variety of old engraving representing either goddess, until a contrivance threatened to be the consequence, but for Leonore's tact and taste in arrangement. Olivia had yielded to her sisters' desire to assume these fancy robes, and lay aside for the time, the emblem of mourning, but for herself she resolutely refused to do more than be present at the fete. Louis had not urged her to the contrary, and having nothing in particular to prepare, she spent the day in the garden looking about the grounds, and giving orders to her men on the subject of shrubbery. She felt secure in her garden hat and morning dress, for every one was sure to be occupied with their preparation for the evening, and she anticipated no visitors. She was not happy, a gloomy expression like a subtle sting, robbed her heart of peace. Of all human kind, the man who was her all-ancestred husband, was the one her heart would have chosen, beyond him she knew no man of desire, but she was not blinded by her love, and she saw that the love which she gave did not receive in kind. To her he was the handsomest, brightest, and most noble of men, despite the very faults that she pronounced him so, but although he was ready and anxious to laud her virtues, and call her the best and noblest of women, she felt instinctively that his report was stronger than his love, and his delicate visage waned even when his judgment was true to her. She tried him a hundred times to be brought to acknowledge she loved him. It was too obvious to be repudiated, so she examined, petulantly. "What would you have?" she exclaimed, petulantly. "It seems a very little thing that Louis should put his taste and fancy into a ball dress, while other men reuse their minds to grand political struggles or heavy mercantile interests. It is all done for a motive, and Louis's motive is to be amused and pleased; he was not formed for stormy conflicts, and you must take him as he is. I have come here this morning to entreat you to change your plan, and I will assist you by every means in my power. If necessary, we can send to New York and have a dress returned by ten tonight. It is too important to be overlooked, and I beg that you will be advised."

"No, no, my dear girl, no; how can you speak so? I am quite alarmed at your tragic air. Men differ so, you know; some are governed by passions, some by principles, some by impulse. Louis is a victim to his fancies, and I have never found it safe to disregard them."

"The victim would be me in this case, Louis has a higher nature, and to the reason and judgment of that higher nature I appeal."

"The pleasant, smiling matron grew gloomy and impatient. "What would you have?"

"I examined, petulantly. "It seems a very little thing that Louis should put his taste and fancy into a ball dress, while other men reuse their minds to grand political struggles or heavy mercantile interests. It is all done for a motive, and Louis's motive is to be amused and pleased; he was not formed for stormy conflicts, and you must take him as he is. I have come here this morning to entreat you to change your plan, and I will assist you by every means in my power. If necessary, we can send to New York and have a dress returned by ten tonight. It is too important to be overlooked, and I beg that you will be advised."

"My dear Mrs. Wallace, thank you again and again, but I will go in my usual dress. I could not stoop to such a stratagem. If Louis's heart is mine, a few yards of time I will not exchange us; if it is yet to gain, I shall despair of winning it in such a peaceful way."

She was very quiet, but very firm and the poor lady of Reverend, who really loved and admired her, strove in vain to change her will. So she stayed to luncheon and then drove away, rather low spirited and depressed by her failure.

have such a range of characters to select from."

"I do not propose to take any, you know," said Olivia, gravely.

Mrs. Wallace started with well affected surprise. "Not take any?" she cried. "Oh, my dear Olivia, do not disappoint poor Louis. It is really too bad to think of such a thing for a moment, and I know you will allow me to persuade you out of such a resolution."

Now, although Mrs. Wallace appeared astonished at her future daughter-in-law's announcement, it was plain to be seen the whole visit was a plan, and the wily lady having seen reason to try and change Olivia's well known decision, had come for that purpose and opened her errand in the above manner.

"Louis has taken more interest in arranging the dress of Leicester from Scott's picture in Kenilworth than I have known him evince in anything else for years. Has he not spoken to you about it?"

"Not a word."

"Ah, there you see, it is meant for a surprise, and I should not have told you. I regret it since I understand his object, and I beg that you will consider the necessity of giving up your objections and meeting him in his own spirit to night. It is really important, my love. I his mother, tell you."

Olivia looked steadily and seriously in her face. "You consider it important that I should assume a character and appear in full dress at Mrs. Wetherington's to-night?" she asked.

"Well, my dear, if you could give it such a business-like aspect, I really do. Louis is not one to be disengaged when he does acknowledge an interest; he seems truly alive to the character, though it is odd word to use in such a connection, and I feel that you would do wrong not to meet and sustain him in this new phase of action."

"New phase of action," repeated Olivia, slowly. "Let me try to understand the position in which this places me. I am to marry a man who has chosen me for his own unbiased will to be his partner for life, and I am in danger of losing this man's love if I do not dress for a masquerade. Is this so?"

"No, no, my dear girl, no; how can you speak so? I am quite alarmed at your tragic air. Men differ so, you know; some are governed by passions, some by principles, some by impulse. Louis is a victim to his fancies, and I have never found it safe to disregard them."

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"The pleasant, smiling matron grew gloomy and impatient. "What would you have?"

"I examined, petulantly. "It seems a very little thing that Louis should put his taste and fancy into a ball dress, while other men reuse their minds to grand political struggles or heavy mercantile interests. It is all done for a motive, and Louis's motive is to be amused and pleased; he was not formed for stormy conflicts, and you must take him as he is. I have come here this morning to entreat you to change your plan, and I will assist you by every means in my power. If necessary, we can send to New York and have a dress returned by ten tonight. It is too important to be overlooked, and I beg that you will be advised."

"My dear Mrs. Wallace, thank you again and again, but I will go in my usual dress. I could not stoop to such a stratagem. If Louis's heart is mine, a few yards of time I will not exchange us; if it is yet to gain, I shall despair of winning it in such a peaceful way."

She was very quiet, but very firm and the poor lady of Reverend, who really loved and admired her, strove in vain to change her will. So she stayed to luncheon and then drove away, rather low spirited and depressed by her failure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The latest personal report about the Empress Eugenie is that she has a noticeable mustache. Of course there will now be a great demand for hair oil, as there was once in Rome, when the ladies took a notion to try and raise beards. It has been said that "imitation is the sincerest flattery," and men should feel flattered by the numerous attempts made by the women now a day, to imitate them in dress, in employments, in making political speeches, in voting, &c. To be like man, and do as men do, seems to be the height of many women's ambition. Their great quarrel with the world, analyzed, simply comes down to this—"Hateful, that Providence made me a woman, and not that superior being, a man!" Let us men stroke our hairy chins, and proudly say to Mrs. Stanton, Antelope Brown, &c., "You say you are equal to men, let us see you then grow beards!"

Five GENERATIONS IN ONE HOUSE.—The Belfast Journal says five generations recently met in the house of Mr. Dilliver of North Ellsworth—an infant, its mother, grandmother, great grandmother, and great-great grandmother—the age of the youngest lady being twenty-four, and that of the eldest ninety.

It is stated that light colored silks will be the fashion for the coming spring.

At a sale in Hins county, Ga., recently, a splendid village residence, with ten acres of improved land, brought \$900, a plantation of seven hundred acres was sold for \$814, and thirty acres of fine cotton land for \$4.

Another relic of the classic age has been found in St. Louis, being a dog's collar, supposed to have belonged to Julius Caesar, from the fact of bearing his name engraved on it.

By a recent vote of the City Council of Fremont, Ohio, no show will be licensed until all the councilmen have been supplied with family tickets.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has passed a law to prohibit the locking of cars while in motion, and prohibiting also the use of kerosene in lighting them.

The value of land in Paris is given in a table published in the Moniteur, which shows that the highest price of land in that city, is given generally for places in the neighbourhood of the theatres.

It is related that near Dantzig a young man of twenty-four, who had married a widow of forty-two, has discovered since the marriage that his wife was his next nurse. A French paper comments: "Thus it is. One always returns to his first love."

But I am not busy," said Olivia, quietly. "I am only looking about our flowers, and am very glad to see you."

"Why, my dear, of course you are going to be the belle of the ball, and I am sure the idea so much that he has quite induced me with his looks."

"I almost wish there were more elderly classic people, and I should enjoy representing myself."

Olivia smiled.

"But you are fortunate," Mrs. Wallace went on. "You are tall and quickly, and

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MAGAZINES.—THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, THE NORTHERN MAGAZINE, and LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for February are received, with their usual excellent assortment of articles.

THE MUTUAL FRIEND. BY CHARLES DICKENS. Cheap Edition. Price 35 cents. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. BY CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by G. W. Putter, Phila.

POEMS OF JOHN EDWARD HOWELL. In Two Volumes. Published by the Author. Price of John F. Trow & Co., New York.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. BY CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. Illustrated. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

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THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

As Louis Burger, the well-known author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs Elysees the other day, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming,

"Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir; twenty for a penny!"

He looked up and recognized his old barber.

"What! are you selling nuts?" said he.

"Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate."

"But this is no business for a man like you."

"Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do," returned the barber, with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment; then tearing a leaf from his memorandum book, he wrote for a few moments, and handed

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

**CONGRESS.**—Mr. Miller, of Pennsylvania, from the Pension Committee, reported in favor of giving \$8 monthly pension to the soldiers of 1812. The case of John Y. Brown, member elect from the Second District of Kentucky, was considered, and the first resolution reported by the Election Committee, declaring him not entitled to a seat, was adopted.

On the 12th, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, introduced a bill recognizing the new Constitution of Alabama, (defeated on the recent vote,) and admitting representatives from that state. The bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

In the Senate, on the 13th, Mr. Doolittle presented a memorial, signed by over one thousand citizens of Alabama, protesting against negro rule, and praying for continuance of military government over the state. It sets forth many alleged grievances and misrepresentations, and concludes as follows:—“Continue over us, if you will do so, your own rule by the sword; send down among us honorable and upright men of your own people, of the race to which you and we belong, and ungracious, contrary to wise policy and the institutions of the country, and tyrannous as it will be, no hand will be raised among us to resist, by force their authority; but do not, we implore you, abdicate your own rule over us by transferring us to the blighting, brutalizing and unnatural dominion of an alien and inferior race—a race which has never shown administrative capacity for the good government of even the tribes into which it has always been broken up in its native seats, and which in all ages has itself furnished slaves for all the races of the earth.”

In the House, Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, introduced a bill, which was referred, providing for the sending back to their own countries of persons coming to the United States who have been convicted of grave crimes.

**THE GRANT-JOHNSON CONTROVERSY.**—The additional letters in the Grant-Johnson correspondence were laid before the House on the 11th inst. The President reiterates his statement in regard to the understanding between himself and General Grant, and charges the General with insubordination. Statements of five of the Cabinet members corroborate Mr. Johnson's account of his conversation with the General at the Cabinet meeting on the day of Mr. Stanton's reinstatement. General Grant's letter, without admitting these statements where they do not agree with his own, only replies to the charge of insubordination. He shows that Secretary Stanton was recognized in orders issued by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster General.

**GEORGIA.**—The petition of the state of Georgia against Secretary Stanton and Generals Grant and Rose, to restrain them from carrying out the Reconstruction Act, has been dismissed by the Supreme Court of the United States, on the ground that it presented a political question, over which the Court had no jurisdiction. This opinion applied also to the Mississippi petition. The Court can only interfere where the questions relate to persons or property.

**ALABAMA.**—The Secretary of the Governor of Alabama has telegraphed to Senator Patterson, that the new Alabama Constitution is defeated by 15,000 majority.

**MINNESOTA.**—The lower House of the Minnesota Legislature has passed a bill leaving capital punishment for murder, at the discretion of juries.

**IMPEACHMENT.**—The Reconstruction Committee, by a vote of 6 to 3, have rejected a resolution offered by Mr. Stevens, for the impeachment of the President. The yeas were—Stevens, Farnsworth, and Boutwell;—3; nays, Bingham, Beaman, Paine, Hubbard, Brooks, and Beach—6.

**GENERAL SHURMAN.**—The President has nominated Lieutenant-General Sherman, to be brevet General of the Armies of the U. S. The President has directed General Grant to assign General Sherman to the command of new department head-quarters in Washington, to be called the Department of the Atlantic, and including the Departments of Washington, the East, and the Lakes.

## Foreign Intelligence.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**—A number of gentlemen in Dublin, arrested some time ago for taking part in the Fenian funeral ceremonies, have been indicted by the Grand Jury.

A deputation of the loyal Irishmen of London have presented an address at the Home Office, expressing their devotion to the British Crown. The Home Secretary thanked them for their manifestation.

Another desperate attack was made on the police of Cork on Monday. The assailants were dispersed at the point of the bayonet.

Sir David Brewster, widely known as an English writer and man of science, died on Monday, the 19th inst., at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

**PRUSSIA.**—Count Von Bismarck is sick and unable to leave Berlin, to avail himself of his leave of absence.

**DENMARK.**—It is said that the negotiations for a treaty between Denmark and Prussia, for the settlement of the questions in dispute, has failed.

**ITALY.**—A grand banquet will be given at Florence to Admiral Farragut, by the members of the Italian Parliament and officers of the Italian army and navy.

**TYRRE.**—The cable announces from Constantinople that, on the 9th instant, the Turkish officials reported the arrival of the United States steamer *Theodoros* on the coast of Crete, by special order of Admiral Farragut, and that the American fleet in the European waters will soon rendezvous in the Greek Archipelago.

**ABYSSINIA.**—Despatches from Abyssinia represent the hostile forces of Napier and King Theodore as drawing close to each other. Skirmishes had already taken place, but no definite particulars had been received.

**MOROCCO.**—From Tunis, the accounts of the famine prevailing there are very sad. A correspondent writes that “Famine of the most direful description is decimating the population, owing to a drought and a failure of the crops for the last three years. The Arabs are dying by thousands from cold and starvation. In Tunis alone, eight thousand have died in two months. The streets are full of orphans from three to fifteen years old, naked and starving, eating the offal they

find. To add to their suffering we have a winter of exceptional severity. Mothers abandon their children, or sell them to Europeans for less than a shilling! Private charity can do little, and the embarrassed government not much more.”

**RISTORT.**—Ristori has received a letter from the Emperor of Brazil, offering to pay all expenses of her troupe, and giving her free use of the theatres if she will come to Brazil.

**ST. DOMINGO.**—President Cabral, of St. Domingo, has fled from the capital, and Hungria has assumed the Government.

## Anecdotes of Lord Palmerston.

An enterprising reporter had heard that Lord Palmerston was to be present at an archery meeting in a small country village in Hampshire, and he accordingly posted down to the place, and, like Mr. Macawber, waited for something to turn up. Lord Palmerston's task was to distribute prizes to some half-dozen blushing young ladies, and the whole company present didn't number much above a score. His Lordship performed his task with his usual grace and good humor, I daresay giving the young ladies paternal pats on the head, but making only the most common-place observations. Our stenographer waited most anxiously in his place until, to his horror, he saw the proceedings brought to a close without a speech from the Premier. This was more than he could stand. He rushed from his corner to the noble Lord, who was getting out of the room as fast as he could. “My Lord—I beg your pardon, but really that's all the way from London to report it, and I must have a speech of some sort.” Whereupon, it is on record—and this story is a true one—that the good tempered old gentleman turned back, and detained the retreating audience for twenty minutes, whilst he gave them a genial dissertation on the good qualities of English women in general, and of Hampshire lasses in particular. On another occasion, however, he made up for this complaisance. He was attending an agricultural dinner, and saw a large gathering of reporters, for the times were critical, and a speech of his certain to be valuable. But he had made up his mind not to speak—no man knew better when to hold his tongue—and accordingly he stily sent down to the “gentlemen of the press” a slip of paper on which, in his bold round hand, were written the words: “This fish won't bite!”

## Disappearance of Persons in New York City.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal gives an alarming statement about the disappearance of men and women in New York:

The life of the alarming things of New York life is the numerous disappearance of women and men. The “persons” in the newspapers show this to some extent, but give a limited idea of the real facts. At the office of the Chief of Detectives a list is kept of the young and old who go out from home and are heard of no more. Some run away; some desert their families and are not tracked; many are enticed into gambling and other dens; many are murdered, and are buried in vaults or secret pits, or thrown overboard to float out to sea. The increased number of these disappearances is very startling, and especially are they so in connection with the great number of persons out of employment.

## A Plea for the Hen-pecked.

The author of “A Woman's Secret” says a good word for hen-pecked husbands. She avers that the number of them is larger than the world supposes, and insists that the man who is hen-pecked is usually so because of some tender, loyal, chivalrous trait; some faint spiritual insight, by which he recognizes the dignity of the woman, and will by no means, in ever so gentle a way, lay violent hands on its weakest representative. Such men, under favorable circumstances, make the noblest and truest of husbands. Therefore, continues the author, “I say that the woman who aspires to usurp noticeable and unseemly authority over her husband, wounds not the honor of the male sex so deeply as that of her own, and ought always and everywhere to be held, by women especially, in righteous abomination.” Let wives who are fond of how-beating their husbands govern themselves accordingly.

**GLYCERINE.**—A day or two since, in one of the trains from Boston, a quiet individual sitting in one of the passenger cars drew forth a bottle, and commenced laying his hands with the contents. The day was very cold and the vicinity of the stove was crowded. One old man watched the bottle-holder's operation with great interest, and finally asked him what kind of stuff he was using. “Glycerine,” replied the quiet man. “Glycerine—thunder!” and the old man rushed for the doors. Others caught up the word, and they all rushed into the adjoining cars, leaving our glycerine friend to soothe his chapped hands. Nitro-Glycerine, however, is a very different article from Glycerine.

**THE HIGHEST EMBANKMENT.**—The highest embankment in the world is on one of our Western railroads; its height is two hundred and forty feet, and its base 759 feet thick.

**M. DU CHAILLU.**—Our authority for the statement that the Pau tribe of Africans are very fond of their wives that when the latter die they cook and eat them.

**PRINCE GORCHAKOFF.**—The Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, a rich old widower, had a niece with whom the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the nephew of the Czar, was madly in love. Fearing that the young couple might get married in spite of the inequality of their positions as members of the Russian aristocracy, the Czar suggested to the Minister that he had better marry his niece himself. This has been done, and the Duke is inconsolable.

**WM. LLOYD GARRISON.**—Wm. Lloyd Garrison says that George French Train is on a level with Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveller, and is fast travelling towards a lunatic asylum.

**NEITHER WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, FRANKLIN, LINCOLN OR WASHINGTON IRVING.**—In discussing we find the good old English rule prevailing, and the third generation already

## On the Progress of Native Taste and Industry.

We copy the subjoined article from the Northern Monthly Magazine, with a view to exhibit the rise and progress of a branch of industry in which each one of our subscribers who is fortunate enough to possess a garden spot, however small it may be, has a garden spot, however small it may be, has a

ing in the footprints of their progenitors; and, judging from present and bygone progress, it may not be distant when those noted cultivators may have as many hundreds of acres devoted to the growth of seeds, as their remote forefather had of single acres. The acorn which he planted has indeed grown to be a stately tree, its branches extending to many distant parts which American commerce reaches. It is not to gratify professional pride or advance private gain we invite this article, but to place on record a commendable instance of persistent native industry, for the benefit of our youthful readers.

## The Death of Philip II.

Motley, in his recently published history, gives the following account (abridged by a reviewer) of the death of Philip II., one of the greatest persecutors of those who differed with him in religious views that the world has ever seen. It adds to the great amount of proof, that the most cruel deeds may be done by men who honestly think they are doing God service—

In the month of May, 1598, the health of the King, who had always been of delicate constitution, began to show decisive symptoms of giving way. He longed to be once more in his favorite retirement of the Escorial, and was carried thither from Madrid in a litter borne by servants. When he reached the palace cloister, he was unable to stand. The gout, to which he had all his life been a victim, had of late so tortured his hands and feet that the mere touch of a linen sheet was painful to him. He was attacked by a low fever, which rapidly reduced his strength. His disease now took the terrible form of imposthumes on the breast and at the joints, from which issued swarms of vermin that bred in his flesh and blood. “No torture ever invented by Torquemada or Peter Titelman to serve the vengeance of Philip or his ancestors or the Pope against the heretics of Italy or Flanders, could exceed in acuteness the agonies which the most Catholic king was now called upon to endure. And not one of the long line of martyrs, who by decree of Charles or Philip had been strangled, beheaded, burned, or buried alive, ever faced a death of lingering torments with more perfect fortitude, or was sustained by more ecstatic visions of heavenly mercy, than was now the case with the great monarch of Spain. That the grave-worms should do their office before soul and body were parted, was a torment such as the imagination of Dante might have invented for the lowest depths of his Inferno.”

On the 23d of July, the monarch asked his physician if his sickness was past hope. The latter evaded the question, but a few days after, the confessor of Philip announced that the only issue to his malady was death. He had already been lying for ten days on his back, a mass of corruption scarcely able to move, and requiring four men to turn him in his bed. He expressed great satisfaction at the sincerity which had been used, gently and benignly, thanking them for removing all doubt from his mind on a subject so important to his eternal salvation. In his confession to the priest, which lasted three days, he declared that in all his life he had never consciously done wrong to any one. This strange conviction of his innocence supported him in his terrible sufferings, and accounted in some degree for the sweetness and thoughtfulness for others which marked his conduct throughout his illness. His sufferings were horrible, but nothing could surpass his angelic patience.

He constantly thanked his attendants and nurse for their care, insisting on their repose after the fatigues of the day, and ordering others to relieve them in their task. He derived great consolation from the relics of the saints, of which he had made an extensive collection during his long reign. With these sacred bones, he daily rubbed his sores, keeping the precious talismans constantly in his sight on the altar which was not far from his bed. A human skull was placed on a sideboard in his chamber, surmounted with a golden crown. He made the most minute arrangements for his funeral, and having received the last sacraments of the Church, declared that he would talk no more of the world's affairs. “He had finished with all things below, and for the days or hours still remaining to him he would keep his heart exclusively fixed upon Heaven. Day by day as he lay on his couch of unutterable and almost unexampled misery, his confessors and others read to him from religious works, while with perfect gentleness he would insist that one reader should relieve another, that none might be fatigued. Finding that the last hour was approaching, he informed Don Fernando de Toledo where he could find some candles of our lady of Montserrat, one of which he desired to keep in his hand at the supreme moment. He also directed Ruyas de Velasco to take from a special shrine—which he had dedicated to him six years before—a crucifix which the Emperor, his father, had held upon his death-bed. All this was accomplished according to his wish. 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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

## Splendid Inducements for 1863.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

**THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.**, by Mrs. Margaret Hommer, author of "The Mortions," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hommer's story with

**TRYING THE WORLD.**, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c.

**ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.**, by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," &c.

Besides our original stories, we give

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## How Muskrats Swim Under Ice.

Muskrats have a curious method of traveling long distances under the ice. In their winter excursions to their feeding grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, they take a breath at starting, and remain under the water as long as they can. They then rise up to the ice, and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remains in bubbles against the lower surface of the ice. They wait till this air recovers oxygen from the water and ice, and then take it again, and soon till the operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance, and live any length of time under the ice. The hunter sometimes takes advantage of this habit of the muskrat in the following manner. When the marshes and ponds where the muskrats abound are first frozen over, and the ice is thin and clear, on striking into their houses with his hatchet for the purpose of setting his traps, he frequently sees a whole family plunge into the water and swim away under the ice. Following one of them for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner above described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has time to take his hatchet in again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him, and drives him away from his lair. In this case he drives in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out. Mink, otter, and beaver have frequently told me of taking after them in the manner I have described, when these animals visit the houses of the muskrat for prey.

A CERTAIN judge, who was notorious for carrying the practice and formal habits of the bench into private life, was one day entertaining some friends at his table, and asked a magistrate who was present if he would take some venison. "I thank you, my lord," was the reply, "I am going to take some boiled chicken." "That, sir, testily answered the judge, "is no answer to my question. I ask you again if you will take some venison, sir, and I will trouble you to say yes or no, without any further prevarication."

Next after the Unhappy Spider Husband comes in, by proper rhetorical rule of contrast, the Absolute Monarchy Husband. He always carries a cane. He is fat and prominent. He chews tobacco. He is heavy and bold. And he has a bold, bullet head, which ought to be punched for him about once a week. He always blows his nose with a blast of doom at the church door, and makes as much noise coming down the aisle, that

## THE TWINS.

Twin roses on one stem,  
Twin cherries on one bough,  
Twin rubies in one diadem—  
A perfect pair, I vow.  
  
I know not which is sweeter,  
I know not which is rarer,  
And if I had to grapple  
The question of the apple,  
And *judicium debet*,  
I'd not know which is fairer.  
  
Sweet music, and its echo sweet,  
A swan and its reflection—  
Such is the pair of twins complete,  
A duplicate perfection!  
  
Was ever poor mortal  
So troubled as I am?  
To Felicity's portal  
I feel that I high am,  
And not very shy am—  
But what can I do  
When I cannot discover  
Of which of the two  
I am truly the lover?  
Then pity me, who  
Am condemned for my sins  
To be deeply in love with the beautiful  
twins.

There's Ethel, the fair,  
With the rose in her hair,  
I think she's the lovelier—almost—of the  
pair—  
Especially, too, when her sister's not there!  
  
But when Mand's in the way,  
Well! I really can't say!  
For Mand has such eyes  
For color and size,  
And they're both necks and shoulders  
That dazzle beholders,  
And voices as sweet as the thrushes  
May.

Oh, blest is the fortunate fellow who wins  
Either one of the beautiful, beautiful twins!

To what can the poet distract compare  
These beauties so rare?

At a loss for a figure I am, I declare!

They're the new double-barrel Dan Cupid is  
armed with  
(His old bow and arrows he's no longer  
charmed with.)  
The prize double-bloom out of Beauty's own  
green'us,

A charming two volume edition of Venus;  
All nature admires them! The beasts and  
the birds

Find joy in their glances—delight in their  
words;

And no fish so cold blashed but twiddles his  
fins

As he drinks to the health of the beautiful  
twins.

Oh, what shall I do,  
To decide 'twixt the two?  
For each is so neat,  
So sweet and complete!

Oh, my course of true love has arrived at a  
hitch,

For I mustn't wed both, and I can't decide  
which!

I've tried to decide  
Which to take for my bride,  
But my pausing all ends in the way it  
begins?

At a loss what to do  
For a choice of the two,  
I exclaim to myself,  
Poor unfortunate self,

"Since I can't marry both—oh, why wasn't  
I twins?"

## Women's Husbands.

WRITERS FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ZIG.

There ought to be a chapter written on the subject of Women's Husbands. It would be something new in the natural history line, and besides that, like a moral circus, it would be both instructive and entertaining.

And it's easy enough to study, this chapter. All you need do is to place your self in a comfortable position near a church door, some fine Sunday morning. Then keep your eyes open. That is all. Each variety of the genus Husband will pass by to tell you on direct parole.

He who advances earliest will be a very small and a very thin husband, with a very large wife. He was suddenly arrested, some years ago, by the imposing military command over his wife, and he has been kept under arrest ever since. He will infallibly remind you of an unhappy spider caught in the act of running away. Besides that, you will think of a harmless little man caught by his coat collar on a large meat hook, and hanging in a state of suspended animation, with his helpless and hopeless arms and legs dangling in thin air. He wears in church for his Sunday suit, and at home for his week day suit, an expression of being continually pounced upon and kept under. Yet it is clear as daylight that all the watchfulness of his military commander is required to keep him in his sphere. When he flunks under his half short gait at the young lady in the next pew, he says as plainly as he can blink it, "I'd run away if I dared—if I dared!" But he doesn't dare. His wife half chuck him into a clothes closet for half a day at a time, and he would never venture to resent it.

Now, supposing one were obliged to choose a husband at all, which one isn't, fortunately, the last dismal article in market would be the Unhappy Spider Husband. For it must be excessively awkward to talk about and show off a live monument of one's skill in hectoring! As Gall Hamilton says, a man ought to be submissive, of course; but you don't want him to look so. I should think not.

Next after the Unhappy Spider Husband comes in, by proper rhetorical rule of contrast, the Absolute Monarchy Husband. He always carries a cane. He is fat and prominent. He chews tobacco. He is heavy and bold. And he has a bold, bullet head, which ought to be punched for him about once a week. He always blows his nose with a blast of doom at the church door, and makes as much noise coming down the aisle, that

if you didn't know him to be a very common individual, uncommonly vulgar, brassy and pompous, you might think the Lord of the White Elephants was coming into church. His religion is of the bluest orthodox stripe, and he reads out loud every Sunday morning in his family the chapter about Wives be Obedient to your Husband. He holds the family purse and makes all the family purchases, even down to a bar of yellow soap and the children's stockings. His wife, poor soul! doesn't dare to select her own bonnets. Feminine subjection can go no farther than that! Oh! if he just had some women you and I know, for his wife, instead of the scared, nervous creature whose daily purgatory he constitutes! There are women now and then whom bellowing cannot frighten. How beautiful it would be if the Absolute Monarchy Husband had got such a one. But by some hitch in the fates he never does get her. His wife is always some poor, meek, timid little woman whom he worries and bullies into her grave, in a few years, and then looks out for No. 2. The Absolute Monarchy Husband generally sends from two to four wives to heaven, in the course of his married life. For it is against his religion to be wifeless more than six months at a time.

Then next you will observe coming in, always promptly, sometimes with, sometimes without his wife, the Husband who is Devoted to Business. He comes to church in a business way, marries in a business way, and treats his wife as his silent partner in the dry-goods and grocery business. He looks forward to heaven as a good place for speculating in gold. He sits in church while the minister is preaching from "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," and calculates how much ten thousand bushels of oats will amount to at an advance of two cents and a quarter on the bushel. And when the choir sings "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," he reckons up how much the present freeze will affect the price of wheat next fall.

His wife always dresses well, enjoys herself in her own way, and cultivates a sentimental friendship for her husband's book-keeper. The Devoted to Business Husband is an unsurpassable money-making machine, but he has not the shadow of an idea how to spend it. It is the book-keeper who understands that branch. So madam goes to theatres, parties and picnics with the book-keeper, practices duets with the book-keeper, and occasionally elopes with him. The Husband who is Devoted to Business need not be surprised. He is a good soul in his way, but he is as out of place in a parlor as one of his barrels of mess pork would be. He sits among the kings of trade, but in society he is what Western young ladies call "a perfect stick."

There is another member of the class Husband whose wife almost never comes to church with him. He is usually the escort of some handsome and well-dressed lady acquaintance. It requires no marvellous powers of discernment to name him, the Husband who is Devoted to Every Man's Wife but His Own. If a spunky woman had him for a husband, she'd shoot him. She ought to. He always dresses exquisitely, furnishes the finest handkerchiefs and the most expensive perfumes. He is a great art and theatrical critic, and a frequenter of green-rooms. He prides himself over his nice taste, and tells all his lady-friends what colors suit their complexions. He is a universal favorite with those ladies whose husbands are Devoted to Business.

He is also a contemptible puppy. He dines out sumptuously, while his wife sits at home repairing the inner man with tea and cold mutton. He is too refined to wear darned gloves, but his wife carries home the cabbages and potatoes from market without any gloves at all. He would run his boot-heels off to signal an omnibus for another man's wife, while his own wife walks home in the rain. He buys a new cravat and white kids, and takes another man's wife to the opera, while his own wife is at home in a faded calico, and the four children down with the measles. He assures Mrs. Golding that the innocent play of children is altogether delightful to him, and once at home among his own children, wears at his wife because she can't stop that dashed noise. His wife is a female creature whom men like the stockings which he wears out dancing attendance on other men's wives.

There is but one other left. You might go to church every Sunday for a month, and not notice him, although he would be there, for he is a man whom you cannot spy by his disagreeable peculiarities. I mention him with something of a diffidence, for he is the kind of Husband I Should Like myself. He is sometimes of one complexion, sometimes of another, but he always has a beautiful mustache, keeps his boots blacked, and doesn't let that word *allegre* be put into our part of the marriage service. He is polite to all waiters, rich and poor, young and old, but ever polite to his own wife. She is the best-best; and always his most earnest thought is how he may double her joys and halve her sorrows. He is sometimes rich, sometimes poor, but always a gentleman without reproach.

The kind of Husband I Should Like myself doesn't become coarse, shovely and scish, as the years of his married life grow apace. Not he. His wife says he is just as gallant and thoughtful towards her to day as he was the first day when they were married. And there is an indestructible grace and beauty of manner about him which he did not have ten years ago. You will never meet of an evening at his home, the assembly which poor Ella tells of, that dreadful, dismal

"Party in a parlor,  
All silent and all damned."

No indeed.

You better believe his wife appreciates him. She would die for him. Well she might, for such a Husband as this changes the dreary household grim into sweet, heart-some music. You may depend it isn't his wife who runs away with the book-keeper.

—Party in a parlor,  
All silent and all damned."

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## KISMET.

In the glinting of the gloaming,  
With its streaks of golden red,  
With its gathering purple curtains  
With the evening star o'erhead,—

Like a silver gem instead I  
On a bank of velvet black,  
Showing in the amber setting  
Of the dying daylight's track,—

I met 'neath the acacias  
My chrysoltite girls,  
Sunny Marguerite the golden,  
My pretty "pearl of pearls."

Her blue eyes to me are load-stars,  
Each brown ringlet is a snare  
To enslave my heart in meshes—  
O, *why are women fair?*

Why do birds fall to the fowler?  
Why do moths fly to the flame?  
Why do fly sparks fly upward?  
Can you give that fate a name?

"It is destiny," say women;  
"It is *Kismet*," say the Turks;  
"Magnetism," say the sages;—  
Yet still the soft spell works.

And 'twill work, and work for ages,  
Till the ocean meets the sky;  
'Twill be ink on all life's pages  
Till the ink on them grows dry.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## The Physical Degeneracy of Woman.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Are we right, O men and women of this age? when we hurl such wholesale censure and anathema upon the weaker half of humanity, for their physical degeneracy and unfitness for the duties of life?

There is ever a cause for a consequence, and would it not be

## A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me, I would go;  
I would not ask to choose my way;  
Content with what He will bestow,  
Assured He will not lead me astray;  
So as He leads, my path I make,  
And step by step I gladly take,  
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content—  
I rest me calmly in His hands;  
That which He has decreed and sent,  
That which His will for me commands,  
I hold that He should all fulfil;  
That I should do His gracious will  
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;  
I trust me to my Father's will;  
When reason's rays deceptive shine,  
His counsel would I yet fulfil;  
That which His love ordained as right,  
Before He brought me to the light,  
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads, I abide  
In faith, in hope, in suffering, true;  
His strength is ever by my side—  
Can ought my hold on Him undo?  
I hold me firm in patience, knowing  
That God my life is still bestowing—  
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,  
Oft amid thorns and briars keen;  
God does not yet His guidance show—  
But in the end it shall be seen  
How, by a loving Father's will,  
Faithful and true He leads me still.

## ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## NEWS OF WAR.

Reader, you have never made one at some pompous dinner-party, where the viands are good and plentiful, but the talk is slack and not worth hearing, and but for your good fortune in being neighbor to the only pleasant person in the company, you would have wished yourself, I do not say at your club—for it is probable there are few dinner-parties whereat you would not do *that*—but even at your bachelor lodgings with a chop and a pint of stout? The master of the house appreciates your conversational powers, and has even asked you, you shrewdly suspect, for the very purpose of making the entertainment "go off," which even now hangs fire like a damp squid. The company acknowledge your mental superiority, although your opinions may be too "advanced" or high-flying to be grasped by their dull and sordid intellects; and yet you feel that if it was not for that plump and pleasant little neighbor of yours in white muslin, the whole affair would be utterly insupportable. This was something like the position in which Valentine Blake found himself after some months' residence at Dewhank Hall. He was as popular there, in a negative sort of way, as it was possible for any man to be among such people. Where there is no love, there is generally but littleliking, and neither his host nor hostess were capable of even the latter spiritual effort; but Mr. Woodford was well convinced that the man he had engaged to be his son's tutor was doing his work in a conscientious manner, and he showed his sense of it by an expressive silence. I doubt whether any word of praise—save self-congratulation—had ever passed the lips of Ernest Woodford. He was one of those who consider that all men are bound to do their duty towards *them*, without acknowledgement, and that their own duty mainly consists in finding fault when it is not done; the absence, therefore, of reproof from the Black Squire was, to a well-constituted mind, equivalent to the highest commendation.

Mrs. Woodford was even more demonstrative; she had roused herself twice or thrice from her habitual lethargy, to say a few words of thanks to Valentine for the manifest improvement that was apparent in Master Bentinck. She lifted her heavy eyelids and saw, with what would have been surprise in another, that the young man now made his appearance in the drawing-room before dinner, and with clean hands, instead of coming straight from the stable to the dinner table; he would speak when he was spoken to, and ceased to keep up a certain dissatisfied growl, with which he used to favor his friends and relatives, when his father was out of hearing. The bear was certainly being kicked into shape, though whether the system pursued had affected him beyond externals, was still doubtful. Valentine, always ready to believe the best, was sanguine about this; Mr. Woodford, on the other hand, was suspicious and cynical. He allowed Bentinck behaved himself better than of yore.

"But you don't know that boy as I know him, Mr. Blake; you may depend upon it there is some reason—and not a good one—lying at the bottom of this improvement; you flattered yourself it will prove deep and lasting; I tell you it is temporary and shallow. Now, mark my words, sir; I don't know what mischief it is he's planning; but Ben is overreaching you at this very moment."

Valentine smiled at this, but was obliged to own to himself that he had spoken more hopefully about his pupil than his own convictions quite warranted. He was well aware that he had not succeeded in winning the stubborn lad's regard, though thanks to their first meeting, as much as to anything that had subsequently taken place, he had managed to extort his respect. Not even the brutal and lawless refuse allegiance to the dauntless heart when coupled with the strong right hand; and it was with the intention of increasing his means of influence that Valentine narrated to the lad those occurrences of warfare and adventure in his former life, to which his own natural humility would otherwise have forbidden him to refer. He felt little better than a pitiful boaster, when sometimes, in the description of some stirring scene of peril and combat, Miss Evelyn would glide into the pupillary room, and beg of him not to cease, for that what he was saying interested her to the full as much as her cousin Bentinck. If anything

like the feeling which grew up between Desdemona and the Moor arose in consequence of these stirring narratives in Evelyn Sefton's bosom, it was not, to all appearance, reciprocated by the tutor. Whether mindful of the tacit promise he had given to Mr. Woodford, or because his heart was in reality pledged to another, he made no sign of love. His behavior to his employer's niece was gentle, chivalric—ever tender; but so it was to all women, including Mrs. Woodford herself. But he unquestionably took pleasure in Evelyn's society, without which life at Dewhank Hall would indeed have been melancholy enough.

Among other plans for the amelioration of his impracticable pupil, the influence of the Press had been brought to bear upon him, as though he were some social evil. History and geography in the abstract the young gentleman could not be induced to imbibe, but Valentine imagined that some interest might be evoked for them out of the events of the time. The period—that of 1848—was pregnant with events. The irrepressible nationalities were asserting themselves; and the peoples "barking for the thrones of kings." Wars and rumors of wars were arising on every hand in Europe, and the theological prophets were appointing a new and early date for the end of all things; a time when tyrants began to remember that they had a crick in their necks, and to hasten to render themselves constitutional, until the trouble should be overpast, and they might be able to reconsider the matter with judicial calm. It was curious to mark the contrast between tutor and pupil, reader and listener, as they sat with (the only thing they had in common) the great broad sheet of the *Times*, between them—the one so full of enthusiasm, of passionate hope, of belief in the might of Right; the other without one gleam of interest in the great motives of action that influenced either side, but not indifferent to the exciting details. The conflagration of Europe rankled in Bentinck's mind with a highly spiced police report.

"I should like to be at a *sack*," observed he frankly upon one occasion, when Valentine, with burning cheeks, was reciting some horrible act of Austrian repression in Lombardy, the treating of some defenceless but suspected city as though it were a town taken by assault.

You don't know what you say, Bentinck," replied the tutor, with grave severity. "Such a scene transforms even the bravest men to brutes. I remember when we were cut off by the Imperialists in the Lagunes of St. Catherine; their vessels were active to one, and they had seized the only channel which gave access to the sea. It was only a question of time, when they should drive us, as the net drives the fish, into a corner of our narrow prison, there to capture or destroy us. Then Giuseppe put in practice a stratagem which another hero, Robert Bruce, had taught him centuries before. He caused huge carriages to be built, very strong though very rude, and placing ourships upon them, dragged them, with a hundred oxen yoked to each, through a long ravine by a road halfland half-water. It was a three day's journey, notwithstanding that the masts were taken out, so that our vessels scarcely looked like ships at all. The *resiste* and toll were excessive, but we reached the sea at last. Then, when the very existence of our little fleet was denied or discredited, we sailed down upon a Brazilian stronghold. We were by that time commanded by another general of superior rank to him who had so miraculously brought us out of peril; our men were burning to revenge their recent hardships, and the town was given up to pillage; God pity and forgive us all!"

A look of indescribable compassion and horror came over Valentine Blake, and he pressed his hand over his eyes, as though to efface some terrible vision.

"And what did you do?" inquired Bentinck, with considerable interest. "Did you shoot anybody?"

"I? Yes; I shot one of my own men," returned Valentine, hotly; "and yet I would do so again, just as I would shoot a wild beast, if—Hush; here is your cousin."

"News, news!" cried Evelyn, entering the room in haste with that day's newspaper, just arrived, and streaming from her hand like a banner; "the Austrians have fled from Milan!"

"Are you certain, Evelyn?"—Miss Sefton, I mean," exclaimed the tutor, starting to his feet.

"Nay, Mr. Blake," returned she, smiling, "I am not 'our own correspondent,' but certainly it is so stated here. Radetzky left the city at midnight. All Lombardy is aglow with war. Here, you can read it yourself."

Valentine seized the paper with tremulous fingers, and ran his eyes down the long double-headed column with eager haste. Presently, they caught a particular sentence, and straightway shone with joyous light, though the moment he had enough to eat and drink. Mrs. Woodford might just as well have presented me with a cold, as with that."

The young gentleman nodded approval, and without waiting for further permission, escaped through the glass door that opened on the lawn.

"Master Bentinck," cried the girl, with quiet earnestness, "why have you never told us your friend's name, but always called him Giuseppe?"

"Because that is his name, Miss Evelyn," answered Valentine, smiling, "and the one by which I always new him."

"Yes, but not the one by which he was known to others. He has started for Milan, has he not? It is Garibaldi."

"It is Garibaldi," repeated the tutor in reverent tones. "I could not have borne to hear his name coupled with unworthy prejudices—misapprehensions. Forgive me, Miss Evelyn."

"And you are going to join him, Mr. Blake," continued she, without heeding his last words. "I read it in your face."

"Yes, my sword is vowed to him. My duty—pointing to the sentence with his finger—"lies this way."

"Yes, and your wishes?" answered Evelyn. "Come; be frank and own it."

"Would Miss Sefton desire that my wishes should lie apart from my duty?" answered the tutor, gravely. "No; I am sure she would not."

"And yet you have no country's wrongs to redress, Mr. Blake."

"That is true. I have no country, no home, no friends even—Great Heaven! what is this?"

Pale as a corpse, Evelyn would have fallen on the ground, had Valentine not received her in his arms. He had not noticed that for the last few minutes she had only supported herself by aid of the writing-table, and that the words she spoke had been uttered in a hoarse unnatural key. He could not help touching her white cheek, which was as cold as ice, and as he did so, the very contact seemed to set the blood flowing through her pale blue veins. She opened her large eyes, and then blushed crimson.

"I am so sorry to have been so foolish," said she with difficulty, as he placed her tenderly upon the couch. "I have never fainted in all my life before. I suppose it must have been the heat. Thank you; yes, I should like a glass of water."

The tutor flew for the refreshment in question, and sent it by the hand of Mary Rippon; perhaps he wished to relieve Evelyn from embarrassment; perhaps he did not like to trust himself again so near his employer's niece, under such interesting circumstances, notwithstanding the present engagement of his own affections. He did not even tarry in the house, but took a long walk over the hills, from which he came back only just in time for dinner. A visitor was being housed over the little church as he passed the door in the morning; and on his return, perceiving the sexton working in his garden, Valentine called to him over the low wall to ask him about the stranger.

"He's a Mr. Fosbrook," returned the old man, prudently; "and not much count, I should think. I showed him both church and churchyard, and he only gave me a threepenny-piece. I hope he'll be more liberal to Dr. Warton."

"Why so? Is the gentleman ill?"

"Well, he says so," continued the old man, in his grumbly key; "although I can't say as I see much the matter with him. He's a-staying at the *Wrestler's Arms*—a pretty place for an invalid, to be sure—and when the doctor went to see him this afternoon, he asked him to dine w' him. But he'll not give him much of dinin', you may take your oath; and I shouldn't wonder if he never gave him a fee. However, there's one thing," added the old fellow, with a leer; "whatever Master Warton gets for his advice, it'll be more than it's worth."

"The doctor's bad to-day, is he?" returned Valentine, carelessly, although he was well aware that the cynical sexton was not referring to any temporary ailment. "Well, he's no worse than usual, as I know on," was the gruff reply. "But he's getting as peevish and fretful as a child. He'll make no old bones, he won't. I shall have to make his bed for him before six months are out—ay, or sooner than that."

The doctor had been a townsmen of Valentine's, during his stay at Dewhank Hall, but had now become a furious torment, rolling the huge boulders over and over in their rocky bed with such a din that no one thereabout could have been aware of the approach of Valentine as he crossed the high stone bridge, even had he been a horse soldier at full gallop. Without troubling himself to feel for the gate, which he knew was somewhere upon his right hand, he vaulted over the low churchyard wall, and then remained motionless, feeling sure that he should presently see the light again, since it seemed improbable that the person who carried it should have seen all he needed in a single flash. Nor was he disappointed. Scarcely had he taken up his position, when the dark lantern, for such it was, was once more unshaded, and this time for a sufficient period to let him see the immeasurable objects upon which it was turned. These were almost close beside him—so close that he was himself within only a few feet of the broad line of light—and consisted of the following items, a little open grave, from which the turf had apparently been just removed; item, a duodecimo coffin, the nails whereof, rusty as they were, glinted in the rays of the lantern; and item, Mr. Woodford Murphy leaning on a spade, that afforded a very convenient prop to his trembling limbs.

"There, that's the box!" exclaimed the light-holder, invisible of course to Valentine, but the husky indistinctness of whose tones announced him for Herbert Warton as surely as the noonday sun were shining full upon him. "You have only to take the lid off, Mr. Fosbrook, and you will find I have not deceived you."

"I had rather not," returned the shrinking youth, in his thin and quivering voice. "I am not used to this kind of thing."

"Damme, sir, and neither am I," returned the doctor with irritation. "I am no more a body-snatcher than you are. If the look of the coffin is sufficient for you, well and good; you may put it back again as soon as you like. But don't stand staring at it as though it would bite you, till half the village is brought out at it too."

Thus adjured, the unfortunate "Woody" glistened pale and terror-stricken, and yet with a certain greed in his weak eyes that, coupled with his occupation, gave him a strong resemblance to a Ghoul—knelt down upon the sodden earth, and strove to insert a corner of the spade so as to prise up the coffin lid; but his trembling hands could effect nothing.

"What a lily-livered young rogue it is!" exclaimed the doctor impatiently, after watching those impotent efforts for nearly a minute. "Here, give me the spade, and do you hold the lantern."

And now the light began to assume an appearance truly. With the wife like, and one which might easily have been taken by the scientific for an "exhalation," or by the superstitions for a "corpse candle." In the doctor's fingers, its gleam had been far from steady; but in those of the young visitor from the metropolis it wavered this way and that, so that Valentine looked upon his own discovery as certain, albeit he was very unwilling that it should take place before he had found out what strange thing the two confederates might have in view.

"Confound you, put it *down*," roared the doctor; they both had to speak at the top of their voices, although they were scarcely a yard apart. "One would think it was St. Anthony's Fire, instead of a dark lantern. It is very fortunate that you are not the only fool in the world, or we should certainly have the sexton down upon us. But he too believes in ghosts, and would scarcely set foot in his own churchyard after night fall. Fancy!"—here the doctor paused in his merriment, and laughed within himself, exactly as Valentine had often seen him do when about to tell some humorous anecdote. "When a dog gets in here at night, Mr. Fosbrook, and scratches at a grave, or if a storm, like this, tears away the turf a bit—as it will be seen to have done to-morrow morning—the idea of this good man is, that it is a sign that the folks below are in want of company, and that there will be a death in the parish within twelve hours. Now, isn't that odd?"

"I wish you would make haste, sir," exclaimed poor Woody fervently. "The longer we stay here, the greater risk we run."

"Poch, poch, Mr. Fosbrook. There is no

risk so long as you have got your skin full of good liquor. No man ever caught cold when he was drunk; and if you are not drunk, you ought to be, that's all. Where's the brandy?"

"I was not thinking of catching cold, sir; I was thinking—"

"Give me the brandy," interrupted the doctor angrily; "that's worth all the thought in the world. You've been drinking it, young man, as you came along; yes, you have, for I see it's lower. Ah! that's good. I have not tasted such stuff as this for a month, for that old curmudgeon at the inn will give me no credit. By Heaven! what a happy week I've got before me! Now, give me the fresh bottle also."

"Not till we've done this job," returned Mr. Woodford Murphy, with the courage of despair. "You shall have that and the money too, directly you have shown me what you promised. You may trust me implicitly—never fear."

"Trust you?" laughed the doctor ferociously (he was getting exceedingly drunk); "why, damme, if you didn't prove as good as your word, I'd just put you in this hole alive, and trample the turf over you, Mr. Fosbrook." He uttered the last word with a mocking drawl. "You reminded me of your mother when you said that, exceeding truly. She always took great credit to herself for paying her just debts, but you have not your mother's pluck, nor (to do him justice although he never did it to me) your father's. Indeed, sir, judging from the little I have seen of you, I should say you are but a sneak. However, we are not going to keep house together, so my not having taken a liking to you does not much matter. Now, see, I have come to the last nail. It is a question of ten thousand a year to you whether I have told you the truth or not, and yet all you are going to give me, in case I have, is a pauper hundred and fifty pounds. I suppose a youth of your description is incapable of feeling the sentiment of shame."

"I thought so. You're as pale as a sheet; then I must blush for you. There's the bill off at last; now, you can satisfy your own eyes."

The light, turned full upon the little coffin, showed Mr. Fosbrook kneeling beside it, and examining its contents with eager eyes.

"Two bricks and a piece of wood!" exclaimed he triumphantly.

"Just so," chuckled the doctor. "Mr. Wilson kindly permitted them to be placed in consecrated ground, although the rites of the church had not been paid to the deceased. It was presented to him that the bereaved mother wished them to be placed near the grave of their great uncle, Tyson Harrison—that's the one you're standing upon—and it was altogether a very affecting business."

"Let us put it back again," observed Mr. Fosbrook with anxiety.

"What a practical youth it is, and how little given to the sentimental emotions!" observed the doctor with a sneer. "You remind me so strongly of your dear mother, Mr. Woodford Murphy, that I can hardly restrain myself from hitting you over the head with this stool. We must not, my young friend, let these remains with unseemly haste. First, the fresh bottle of brandy you must take home the empty one, for if they find it here, they will be certain to say it's me that has made this mess;—secondly, the notes, which I will count if you please."

"Yes, they are all right; and indeed, thanks to your hospitality, there seem even to be more than there ought to be; and, thirdly, I have a few words to say to you, the wind has, you see, politely lulled a little before we part company, as I most sincerely hope we are about to do for ever. I don't wish you to go away, young man, under the malignant impression that you have made a tool of Herbert Warton. The information you have received from me has only gone to confirm the suspicions already entertained by your intelligent mother. I have betrayed no one, and least of all myself. I see you are smiling, sir; in a very disagreeable manner; you are pulled up with what you imagine to be a successful stroke of memory. But listen a moment. If anything I have shown you here turns out to be harmful to me, it is not my memory that will suffer. I shall be dead and gone long before your Uncle Ernest cuts his cable, and it is only after his death that this secret will be of any use to you. What folks may say of me, therefore, they will not call me a fool for having taken your money. Whereas—but let us first put back these precious relics, and make all things as smooth and green again as we can—whereas, Mr. Claude Woodford Murphy, when our little adventure of to-night is being discussed, it will be remarked of your slate in that your mother sent her pig to a wrong market when she despatched you to Samsdale."

"How so, doctor?" inquired Woody contemptuously. "Have I not found out what she wanted to know?"

"Certainly; as a child finds out how his watch goes by taking out the inside, and rendering it useless to him for the future. Why, can't you see poor little fool—you that kept your head so clear in order to ever reach the doctor, and drink watered sherry while he was taking his brandy?—well, don't you see, even now, that you have destroyed the value of this very evidence for which you have paid so much, by being so hasty? I would, indeed, have been a great point to have shown what we have just seen, un-touched and untempered with, to half a dozen impartial spectators, but very little use to do so henceforth. You can't get a 'private view of the inside of a grave, as your father gets of the picture exhibitions, without prejudice to its value; for what is certain to be said by your enemies—by those who do not know the simplicity of your disposition, my young friend—is this: That Mr. Claude Woodford Murphy came down to Sandalwhite under the name of 'Fosbrook,' and deposited in the coffin of little Miss Ripson, and in the place of her infant bones, two bricks and a piece of wood."

The doctor's speech, although thick and indistinct, was distinguished by much malignant vehemence, and the effect of its peroration was greatly enhanced by his slanting to the door of the lantern with his last word, and pronouncing total darkness. Nothing was heard for a few moments save the roaring of the storm, then an agonized cry broke forth from the unfortunate Woody, to the effect that if he fell into the river, the crime of

murder would rest upon the doctor's soul. At this, the person appealed to gave vent to such a guffaw of uproarious mirth that it answered all the purpose of a guide post, for the astute youth made at once for the point from which it came, and thereby discovered the stile. Here he waited for some minutes, breathing hard, but uttering no word of complaint, though, like the parrot in the story, probably thinking all the more, while his late guest and companion marked his own way homeward by snatches of drunken laughter; then slowly and cautiously he made for the light still gleaming from the *Wrester's Arms*. After which, Valentine also turned his steps towards home, with much unlooked-for food for thought added to that which he had brought out with him.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII

##### TWO CASES OF BROW-AGUE.

Valentine Blake was an early riser, and never needed to be called; but before he was well awake upon the morning which followed the events narrated in the last chapter, there was a violent knocking at his chamber door. Jacob the groom, a Sandalwhite man, and the only male servant he had at the bedside, with that half-peased, half-tormented expression of countenance which persons of his class are wont to communicate. If there is something about the misfortunes of our friends not altogether displeasing to us, the disasters of our betters are certainly still more gratifying; and the tutor guessed at once from Jacob's face that something had gone wrong in the house, and that it had not happened to a fellow-servant.

"Is your mistress worse, or what is the matter?" asked he hastily.

"No, sir; it's not that; nor master neither, nor yet Mr. Bentinck."

"Good God! it's not Miss Evelyn?" ejaculated Valentine, leaping to his feet, and thrusting on some of his clothes.

"No, sir, nor it's not Miss Evelyn," continued the groom mysteriously. "You would never guess who it is, sir, seeing him out and about in all weathers, and here as much as anywhere, and known to us all so well that it seems almost as bad as being gone one's self. Poor Dr. Warton's dead, sir."

Certainly Valentine would never have guessed who it was. He had had the doctor in his mind well nigh all night, for he had dreamt of him unconsciously; but even in his dream he had never associated him with death. On the contrary, his last thoughts before going to sleep had been concerning the steps which it would become his duty to take with respect to that very person; and now he had been snatched from the web of human life altogether, and was to be no more questioned by man.

"Yes, I know'd you'd tell it, sir, as much as anybody," resumed Jacob, mistaking the cause of the tutor's silence, "notwithstanding as you never know'd him in his prime. I never told tales like that, to Mr. Warton's death bed, but I thought it would be better to do it, and likewise Miss and Miss Evelyn; but Mr. Bentinck, I told him, and he swore at me for waking him up with news such as he says will kill; but he shouldn't talk like that. I told him, for the poor doctor was the man as first brought him into the world; and then he bunged his boots at my head; and so I came to you, sir."

"You did right, Jacob," said Valentine thoughtfully. "I will break the news myself. But how did it happen? and are you sure it's true? for it must have been very sudden."

"Ah! you may say sudden indeed, sir. That's the most terrible part of it. He was a-dreaming in the *Wrester's Arms*, with a gout of the name of Fobley, or summat, as called him for advice, it seems; and they drank and drank together prodigiously. Some says it was a wager, and that the doctor won it, as it's most likely he did; and besides there was a deal of money found in his pockets; and we know how poor he was before, so that he could scarcely get trust to his whiskey today. Well, this Mr. Fobley had seen him home, it seems, and given him a bottle of brandy, meaning nothing but kindness, though it was his death blow; but he didn't go to bed, nor he. About daybreak, as near as it might be, this morning, his old hulking hears a terrible noise overhead, and knows at once as the poor doctor has fallen; and when she ran in, without waiting for so much as a pietement, there he was upon the floor, all wet through, having been out in the storm, and chill and still as a stone; and when she saw the bottle lying with the little that had been left within it still about, she knew—because he had been always so careful of good liquor—that it was nothing less than dead. And so it was."

During this narration, the tutor had been dressing as expeditiously as possible; and now, it being still early, and none of the family stirring, he resolved to take a walk to the village before breakfast. It was a lovely morning, and the rain of the previous night, glistening upon the green leaves and turf, made the face of penitent Nature very wan and wan, but Valentine felt much sadder than when he had last trod the same way, scarce six hours ago, through the blinding storm. He had known men, whose faces were at least as familiar to him as to any of Herbert Warton, to die as suddenly—nay, he had seen them fall dead by scores about him on the battle field, and yet their fate had not affected him as this man's had done. So it is with most of us. We hear or read of hundreds, nay, thousands of our fellow creatures killed in action, without the thrill of horror that a single death from a chance bullet close to our own doors will cause us. We read, almost unmoved, under the head of "Missing Vessel" (it happens every week) that a whole ship's company have been lost from the list of the living; and yet, when a boy is drowned lashing in the river that skirts our lawn, we are sharply grieved. Soldiers perish, and sailors drown; but it is the violent or sudden death of the stay-at-home neighbors—the nearness and the unexpectedness together which moves us most. Valentine was thus touched, how much more were the simple folks of Sandalwhite, within whose doors Death came but seldom—sarely ever without decent notice—and generally preceded by "the three warnings."

The disease which most affected people in

those parts was that of extreme old age; and the poor doctor was only sixty or so, or, in other words, in the prime of life. True, he had looked worn and broken for some time, but still there was nothing in that to mitigate the suddenness of such a catastrophe as this. It was also not unknown that he drank deeply; but drinking was a weakness so common to his neighbors, that it was very indecent to attribute his fate to liquor. It was allowed that he had taken more than was good for him upon the fatal night; but the general verdict of his Sandalwhite friends was, that "that 'ud ha' done him no harm, less ye, if there had na been summat wrong with his heart." They alluded, of course, to a physical all-

most all his faults of temper were forgotten, now that he was no more; while his generosity, his love of anecdote, and his open-handedness (for whenever there gets anything in his hand, poor soul, he was ready enough to bestow it), were gratefully remembered. The old sexton alone (whom the tutor overtook upon the road) had arrived for him—a most unusual circumstance—and in one of those at least, a short and soldier-like epitaph, with the Milbank postmark on it, there was much material for reflection. Evelyn was chary of his urn, she watched his color heighten as he read the words which were to him as a very trumpet-call; and she dropped her eyes and colored in her turn as the tutor turned his glance (she knew it was coming) upon her. How beautiful she looked in those mourning garments, not to be put off (if those earnest eyes could have looked into the future) for many and many a day! The other letter was an official one, and bore the stamp of the War Office. Mr. Woodford noticed the huge envelope, and observed: "They have not appointed you to the command of the Horse Marines, I trust?" This was his gracious way of expressing a genuine uneasiness which he had felt of late lest Valentine's services should be lost to him.

"No, sir; I have no appointment from her Majesty's government," returned the tutor with a grave smile.

"He is going to Italy!" murmured Evelyn to herself, "and I shall never, never see him more."

"I see you come from the *Wrester's Arms*," said Valentine thoughtfully. "Has anything been seen of Mr. Fosbrook this morning?"

"Yes, sir, his back," returned the old man grimly. "He was off in a car, pack and package, directly he heard of what had happened. He said the news had shaken him so, that in his weak state of health he didn't know what effect it might have upon him. He certainly did look pale enough. I wonder how the doctor came to get all that money out of him, for, if not from him, where could it ha' come from? However, I'm right glad of it, for it'll pay his debts and bury him very comfortable."

Thus, with what charity lay in him, did each one among the group collected round the dead man's door that morning, converse respecting him that was *done*. Mr. Warton's death had not a void in that little world, in which, although he despised it, he had upon the whole borne himself as a good neighbor and a willing helpe. Valentine, who knew worse of him than any unexpected, went in to pay his tribute of a pitiful glance and silent prayer to the giant frame, already so stiff and gaunt, that should never more be seen towering above his fellows at church or revel; and saddened with the sight, returned to tell the Squire and his household. Reticence, however, for so long a time, had been found by Jacob to be impossible, and in the meanwhile he had told everybody. Curiously enough, with the exception of tender-hearted Evelyn, the Black Squire seemed to be the most affected. Perhaps the recollection of many a drinking bout together—for had they not been boon companions for years?—reached him; or perhaps the fact of their being contemporaries (within a few months) made him unusually mindful of the shadow that must needs be awaiting himself, at no great distance off upon life's road; but certainly Mr. Woodford was moved by Herbert Warton's death. Evelyn, too, as we have said, shed honest tears, albeit she had never liked the doctor; but Mrs. Woodford, who had been on far more intimate terms with him, seemed to take the matter not at all to heart.

To be sure, she had grown so dull and plodding of late that scarcely anything awakened her interest—yet the present happened to be one of her "good days," and the sorrowful news did not seem to darken it in the least. Mrs. Ripson, too, showed a philosophy so cheerful when speaking of the common loss, that it almost robbed her of Valentine's good opinion; he had always looked upon the housekeeper as a very kindly creature, although somewhat weak; and even now, when he could not regard her without some vague suspicion, he strove to think the best of her until he should know the worst. Nevertheless, although Mrs. Woodford's state of health forbade her attendance at the doctor's funeral, it was arranged that not only Evelyn but Mrs. Ripson should pay her memory that respect, in company with the male portion of the family. A funeral at Sandalwhite, although a primitive ceremony, was very genuine and impressive one. Women as well as men followed the body to its last resting place; and although there were no muddling palls or stable steeds, there were thrice the number of sorrowful faces that are seen in any London cemetery.

In the hurrying streets, we scarcely cast a glance at the procession that is taking our unknown brother to his unknown grave, but at Sandalwhite, every man, woman, and child whose occupation permitted it were wont to see the last of the neighbor that they knew so well, and by whose side they were themselves fated one day to lie. In the case of such an old inhabitant, and one so well known as Herbert Warton, it was certain that all, save perhaps a shepherd or two, whose distant charge compelled his absence, would be at the funeral. Mr. Wilson himself was to read the service, for although the dead man had been at full speed, across the field, leaping the stone walls that lay in his way, and wading through the river itself, and breasting the opposite fell as no runner in Sandalwhite could have breasted it save—

the very man he was now pursuing, with a

client couple of miles' start of him, and garments better suited for a mountain run than

funeral broadcloth and Sunday boots. But after such a warning, Valentine Blake would

not have hesitated, even had circumstances compelled him to run in irons. He knew there was some devilry afloat—that evil was menacing the "Innocent," and if he had known the full extent of the crime and the danger, muscle, and lungs, and sinew could not have been taxed more heavily than they were.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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• In answer to the assertion that a crow tastes as good as a partridge, another writer says:—You can no more make a crow eat to satiety than you can a king crab. It never becomes fat or apparently changes its physical condition from being a lot of big bones filled in with integuments as incible as India-rubber.

• An article on the American National Currency, in a New York contemporary, states that the number of counterfeit legal tender notes, contrary to the anticipation of the country when greenbacks were first introduced, has been exceedingly limited. Two serious obstacles, it adds, have never been completely surmounted by the counterfeiter, the difficulty of imitating the green ink tint and the intricate and minute curves traced by the geometrical lathe work of the National Bank Note Company.

• To determine whether kerosene is liable to explode, the Boston Journal of Chemistry gives the following directions:—Fill a pint bowl two-thirds full of boiling water, and into it put a common metallic thermometer. The temperature will run up to over 200 degrees. By gradually adding cold water, bring down the temperature of the water to 110 degrees, and then pour into the bowl a spoonful of the kerosene, and apply a lighted match. If it takes fire, the article should be rejected as dangerous; if not, it may be used with a confident feeling of its safety.

• At the Athenee, a new Parisian theatre, unnecessary alarm was created a few representations ago by the fall of one of the actresses in the *reverie* close to the footlights. The house rose, under the impression that she might rise in a blaze, but was speedily reassured by the actress herself, who had sustained no injury, owing to the fact that she had happily nothing on which could possibly catch fire!

• A movement is now in progress in Montreal, among the merchants and others, who are sufferers by the heavy discount on American silver in Canada, to secure the exportation of some \$250,000 or \$300,000, with a view to reduce the present seek in that city, and thus lessen the rate of discount. The Canadian Government has recently imposed a duty of fifteen per cent. on all American silver coin imported into the country, which is equivalent to a prohibitory duty.

• A few days since, at Newmarket, Tamm, a young man, while waltzing at a ball, fell to the floor a corpse. He had made the circle round the room sixteen times without stopping, but in the next attempt he failed and fell dead.

• A little boy, the son of a well-known artist, having been reprimanded by his father for fighting in the street, said, "Well, pa, I'm only following the golden rule—

## THE USE OF TOBACCO AND WINE.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There are many liberties that men may take for themselves which, it seems to me, a wise consideration of their influence upon those around about them should lead them to avoid. I rank among these the use of tobacco and the use of wine, as matters of pleasure and of indulgence.

I honor my father's memory. I remember, from my earliest childhood, that at a time when it was the custom of every minister, almost, habitually to smoke, and occasionally to drink—the occasions sometimes coming very near together!—my father was remarkable for abstinence from the cup, and for total abstinence from the use of tobacco. And every child of my father by my mother—every one of the eight older children—has walked in the way he should go, and has not departed from it when he has grown up. And there has not, perhaps, been an ounce of tobacco consumed by my father and the children of the first family. Nor has there been one of them that has not been strictly and conscientiously temperate. I cannot tell how much I owe to my father. I cannot express my sense of obligation to him, in this respect.

When I grew old enough to be foolish, I wanted to smoke because other boys smoked; and I did, at last, bestride a cigar; and I got my first reward. I remember that the experience was followed by something sharper than narcotic influence, or unconscious influence. I remember feeling separated from my father. I revered him; I almost worshipped him, although I was not much of a worshipper; and I threw away the weed. My first experience was substantially my last experience. From that day to this I have never touched tobacco, in any form or method. And I thank my father for it.

Now, I perceive a great many men that are employing narcotics in their families, excusing themselves because it does not hurt them; and they are bringing up white-skinned, celebrated children as the result. We are living in an age in which, by constitution, children receive an overplus of nervous influence. We are living in a climate that is stimulating. We are living under institutions that tend to acclimate every nerve and intensify all cerebral influences. We are just the people that do not need any added stimulus. And yet, I see a great many parents who are bringing up their children so nervous that if one or two things of this kind be added, their destruction or injury will be sure; and they will not put them away. They will have no consideration of the influence which they are exerting upon their children. I am satisfied that the fathers themselves in many of these cases are strong enough to maintain a moderation in the use of these stimulants; but, ye that are strong, bear with the weak.—*Journal of Health.*

## Sketch of a Princess.

The *Paris Magazine* has been publishing portraits of several ladies. That of the Princess Metternich is as follows:—“She is said not to be pretty. Listen to the enumeration of her beauties: eyes which have the sweetness of a German reverie; teeth of brightest enamel; a forehead smooth and clear as an infant's, high and wide as that of a thinker; and abundant silvery brown hair. People seem not to notice two particular beauties of her Austrian highness—the form of her head, as Greek; as that of the Venus of Milo; her ear like a pink shell—whereas, everyone does justice to the beautiful fall of her shoulders, the exquisite form of her arm, the long aristocratic hands and the narrow, dainty feet. Be she dressed in blue, red, or yellow; be she coiffed with her torque over her eyes, or with sergeant-de-ville's cap, as she appeared one day at the Tuilleries—she is and remains a Princess; and there are not many now. Witty, with a heart of gold, and extremely charitable, she is the adoration of the workmen's families she visits in the Faubourg St. Antoine; jumping the children on her knees, washing them, kissing them, sitting on a stool if there are not chairs enough—such is the woman. Devotedly and fondly attached to a good man—Prince Metternich—such is the wife.”

## Parisian Full Dress.

The masked ball at the Paris Opera attracted few people but strangers and the lowest class of women. An extraordinary scene took place at the last ball. A woman appeared wearing nothing but a pair of stocking-net drawers and a sash. The sequel showed she thought herself full dressed. Fairy pieces have completely unseated our ideas about woman's proper attire. No sooner had the woman mentioned appeared in the opera house than there arose a wild scream, such as is to be heard only at the Opera's masked balls or in hell when the moon is full. A thousand lips echoed and re-echoed it. In less time than it takes to write it was surrounded by a dense crowd of screaming mummies. Unconscious of doing anything which should attract such attention, she was confounded. In her state of stupor a fellow exuberantly tossed her on his shoulders and began to run around the house, followed by a shrieking band of both sexes, which at every step he increased in number. Her hair was soon disheveled, her stocking-net was torn, her sash was lost; terrified and sobbing, she implored release, until the fatigues of her bearing and a new incident enabled her to effect an escape from that pandemonium.

According to one Professor Delisser, a series of celestial and terrestrial phenomena is at hand. On the night of the 27th of February, in the western heavens, there will be a conjunction of the moon with Jupiter and Venus; and three nights later Jupiter will pass Venus by only twenty-three seconds of a degree. The result of these conjunctions and perturbations will be atmospheric commotion—electrical discharges, heavy gales, high tides, earthquakes, and nobody knows what besides. Moreover, the whole year will be fearful for its storms, inundations, eruptions, quakings of the earth, &c. We shall see and hear of these things if they occur.

The French Empress skates leaning on two gentlemen. A young American named Ringe recently had the felicity of being one of her supporters.

## Skating in Paris.

We had on Saturday the beautiful *fête de neige* of the Skating Club, which went off with great success. The frozen surface of the lake, as smooth and bright as glass, shone and sparkled, a medley of vivid colors. Thousands of lamps in garlands and clusters marked the borders of the lake; the trees, already exquisitely arrayed with icicles, became brilliant with their adornment of lights, immense bonfires burnt around; at intervals showers of fireworks burst in the air; and all the paths which led to the enclosure were edged with fire, like roads to an enchanted garden. From the small island in the centre of the lake burst the gayest of dance music, from the *chalet* of the club, where a buffet was established. Carpets stretched to the ice, and long lines of armchair sledges, each adorned with three lamps, stood in waiting. The tickets had been sold at the clubs with great patriotic restrictions, and, in spite of the low condition of the thermometer, all the *élégantes* of Paris were there. Russian, English, and American ladies, in the most picturesque costumes, skinned with practised agility over the ice; others, *patineuses* less clever or less courageous, supported themselves on poles, the ends of which were held by two *patineurs*; while the rest, buried in furs and reclining in the chair-sledges, traversed the lake in rapid zigzags, guided by their skating cavaliers. Many of the men wore lamps over their brows, and the Prince de Metternich's headlight surmounted an enormous fur coiffure, almost as tall as a grenadier's cap. At ten o'clock the lake was so animated and crowded that it would have much resembled a ball-room if the cadence of the skaters' movements had been more harmonious. Hundreds of carriages filled the avenues around, and the cold seemed to have no effect on the crowd which pressed round the exterior railings. The Emperor was expected, but did not make his appearance; he and the Empress had skated on the great lake of the Bois in the daytime, and had mixed a short time with the crowd, while around them, shooting over the ice on their rapid skates, wound a young viscountess in a green dress sprinkled with gold spangles.

Leap year is improved by the ladies. We hear of several who have proposed in婚 to one yesterday proposed to her father to have a new Cashmere shawl and a diamond bonnet.

A French editor proposes to connect England and France by a bridge, bearing a double line of railway, a carriage and foot-way, with shop and a restaurant! The bridge would rest on thirty-two iron piles, would be 335 feet broad and 670 feet high—535 feet above sea-level. All this for the moderate sum of \$80,000,000.

Mr. Charles Dickens was fifty-six years of age, in Washington, where his birthday overtook him. He read four nights, and the net receipts were over ten thousand dollars.

The Hamram Arabs are Mahomedans, and yet they do not scruple to eat wild boar. One day after a feast upon a hog, Mr. Blaker asked his Mussulman companions what their fancy, or minister, would say to their eating pork, as it was contrary to the Koran. “Out!” they replied, “we have already consulted him. He says—Mind your Koran. If you have the look with you and no pig, don't eat pork; but if you have the pig and no look, eat the pig!”

In Bates county, Missouri, a lady who had been divorced from her husband on account of “incompatibility,” has again fallen in love with him and remarried him.

Of course we do not believe the following, but it does to tell:—“In the ‘more former’ days of the theological seminary in connection with Harvard college, when Theodore Parker's theories were exciting great interest in the community, and young men especially were feeling strongly their influence, it was the custom in the Harvard law school, when holding a moot court, to send over to the seminary and procure some of the theologians to sit upon the jury. Judge Story was preparing to open court thus, one day, and despatched a messenger to secure the report: ‘May it please your honor, I can't find men enough in the theological seminary who believe in a God to piece this jury, and I wait further instructions.’”

A firm in England put up some prepared meats for a firm in New Zealand, and by direction had them labelled “Canned Missions.” The natives cleaned out the stock in two days.

The wife of a journeyman carpenter in Cincinnati, it is stated, deserted him because he did not buy a house with a free-stone front, and a divorce has been granted him.

There are evidences of the fact that the eccentric *ceintures*, or wide sashes, are to be all the rage this season; and on these sashes are worn the largest and most *exquisite* ornaments of silver and gilt. Anchors, lances, lamps— queer shaped things, large and cumbersome—hang behind the belles—Some years since, the ornaments I refer to could have been deemed fit for best for the squaws of the Flatfoot or the Sioux, not to mention the red head and bright flannel loving, thick lipped Abyssinian females; but fashion, having exhausted the realms of taste, is forced now to enter that of show, and her disciples must obediently rush after her.—*Paris Cœ.*

The Last of Poland. The “Kingdom of Poland” no longer exists even in name. Its official designation is now the Vistula Province.

A New Yorker protests against Prof. Blod's cooking because he doesn't make baked beans a hash.

When intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, a Russian to be affectionate, an Irishman to fight, and an American to make a speech.

The Boston Journal reports that, in that region, a fervent church member recently astonished a prayer meeting by supplanting for the preservation of the lives of the young ladies of the congregation, and that one of them might be eventually reserved for him. On being remonstrated with by one of his brethren, he said such was the honest wish of his heart, and that he did not see the impropriety of praying for it.

**A SOUND DECISION.**—The New York Superior Court, General Term, Chief Justice Robertson presiding, has just rendered a decision of importance to merchants, relative to the reliability of persons making fraudulent representations as to the responsibility of third parties. In the case decided, the party making the false representations is held liable for goods purchased two years after the representations were made.

## THE MARKETS.

**FLOUR.**—The market has been rather dull. About 10,000 bushels of *French* were superfluous \$2.50 for extra, \$1.00, \$1.75 for low, and family Northwest extra family, \$1.50 extra for Penna extra family, \$1.30, 15 lb. for fancy brands, according to quality. **Flour**: 250 bushels sold at \$5.50, 15 lb.

**WHEAT.**—The receipts and stocks of Wheat come from 15,000 bushels of southern and Penna red sold at \$2.50 for choice, \$2.00, \$2.25 for fair to prime, and \$2.50, \$2.75 for common; 3,000 bushels of white sold at \$2.80, \$3.00, 15 lb.

**PROVISIONS.**—There has been more doing. Sale of 400 bushels of Pork at \$1.50 for prime, and \$1.50, \$1.60 for choice, \$1.75, \$1.80 for dressed. Hams at \$1.50, 15 lb. Bacon at \$1.50, 15 lb. Hams at \$1.50, 15 lb. Green Meats.—Sales of pickled Hams at 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c, 18c, 19c, 20c, 21c, 22c, 23c, 24c, 25c, 26c, 27c, 28c, 29c, 30c, 31c, 32c, 33c, 34c, 35c, 36c, 37c, 38c, 39c, 40c, 41c, 42c, 43c, 44c, 45c, 46c, 47c, 48c, 49c, 50c, 51c, 52c, 53c, 54c, 55c, 56c, 57c, 58c, 59c, 60c, 61c, 62c, 63c, 64c, 65c, 66c, 67c, 68c, 69c, 70c, 71c, 72c, 73c, 74c, 75c, 76c, 77c, 78c, 79c, 80c, 81c, 82c, 83c, 84c, 85c, 86c, 87c, 88c, 89c, 90c, 91c, 92c, 93c, 94c, 95c, 96c, 97c, 98c, 99c, 100c, 101c, 102c, 103c, 104c, 105c, 106c, 107c, 108c, 109c, 110c, 111c, 112c, 113c, 114c, 115c, 116c, 117c, 118c, 119c, 120c, 121c, 122c, 123c, 124c, 125c, 126c, 127c, 128c, 129c, 130c, 131c, 132c, 133c, 134c, 135c, 136c, 137c, 138c, 139c, 140c, 141c, 142c, 143c, 144c, 145c, 146c, 147c, 148c, 149c, 150c, 151c, 152c, 153c, 154c, 155c, 156c, 157c, 158c, 159c, 160c, 161c, 162c, 163c, 164c, 165c, 166c, 167c, 168c, 169c, 170c, 171c, 172c, 173c, 174c, 175c, 176c, 177c, 178c, 179c, 180c, 181c, 182c, 183c, 184c, 185c, 186c, 187c, 188c, 189c, 190c, 191c, 192c, 193c, 194c, 195c, 196c, 197c, 198c, 199c, 200c, 201c, 202c, 203c, 204c, 205c, 206c, 207c, 208c, 209c, 210c, 211c, 212c, 213c, 214c, 215c, 216c, 217c, 218c, 219c, 220c, 221c, 222c, 223c, 224c, 225c, 226c, 227c, 228c, 229c, 230c, 231c, 232c, 233c, 234c, 235c, 236c, 237c, 238c, 239c, 240c, 241c, 242c, 243c, 244c, 245c, 246c, 247c, 248c, 249c, 250c, 251c, 252c, 253c, 254c, 255c, 256c, 257c, 258c, 259c, 260c, 261c, 262c, 263c, 264c, 265c, 266c, 267c, 268c, 269c, 270c, 271c, 272c, 273c, 274c, 275c, 276c, 277c, 278c, 279c, 280c, 281c, 282c, 283c, 284c, 285c, 286c, 287c, 288c, 289c, 290c, 291c, 292c, 293c, 294c, 295c, 296c, 297c, 298c, 299c, 300c, 301c, 302c, 303c, 304c, 305c, 306c, 307c, 308c, 309c, 310c, 311c, 312c, 313c, 314c, 315c, 316c, 317c, 318c, 319c, 320c, 321c, 322c, 323c, 324c, 325c, 326c, 327c, 328c, 329c, 330c, 331c, 332c, 333c, 334c, 335c, 336c, 337c, 338c, 339c, 340c, 341c, 342c, 343c, 344c, 345c, 346c, 347c, 348c, 349c, 350c, 351c, 352c, 353c, 354c, 355c, 356c, 357c, 358c, 359c, 360c, 361c, 362c, 363c, 364c, 365c, 366c, 367c, 368c, 369c, 370c, 371c, 372c, 373c, 374c, 375c, 376c, 377c, 378c, 379c, 380c, 381c, 382c, 383c, 384c, 385c, 386c, 387c, 388c, 389c, 390c, 391c, 392c, 393c, 394c, 395c, 396c, 397c, 398c, 399c, 400c, 401c, 402c, 403c, 404c, 405c, 406c, 407c, 408c, 409c, 410c, 411c, 412c, 413c, 414c, 415c, 416c, 417c, 418c, 419c, 420c, 421c, 422c, 423c, 424c, 425c, 426c, 427c, 428c, 429c, 430c, 431c, 432c, 433c, 434c, 435c, 436c, 437c, 438c, 439c, 440c, 441c, 442c, 443c, 444c, 445c, 446c, 447c, 448c, 449c, 450c, 451c, 452c, 453c, 454c, 455c, 456c, 457c, 458c, 459c, 460c, 461c, 462c, 463c, 464c, 465c, 466c, 467c, 468c, 469c, 470c, 471c, 472c, 473c, 474c, 475c, 476c, 477c, 478c, 479c, 480c, 481c, 482c, 483c, 484c, 485c, 486c, 487c, 488c, 489c, 490c, 491c, 492c, 493c, 494c, 495c, 496c, 497c, 498c, 499c, 500c, 501c, 502c, 503c, 504c, 505c, 506c, 507c, 508c, 509c, 510c, 511c, 512c, 513c, 514c, 515c, 516c, 517c, 518c, 519c, 520c, 521c, 522c, 523c, 524c, 525c, 526c, 527c, 528c, 529c, 530c, 531c, 532c, 533c, 534c, 535c, 536c, 537c, 538c, 539c, 540c, 541c, 542c, 543c, 544c, 545c, 546c, 547c, 548c, 549c, 550c, 551c, 552c, 553c, 554c, 555c, 556c, 557c, 558c, 559c, 560c, 561c, 562c, 563c, 564c, 565c, 566c, 567c, 568c, 569c, 570c, 571c, 572c, 573c, 574c, 575c, 576c, 577c, 578c, 579c, 580c, 581c, 582c, 583c, 584c, 585c, 586c, 587c, 588c, 589c, 590c, 591c, 592c, 593c, 594c, 595c, 596c, 597c, 598c, 599c, 600c, 601c, 602c, 603c, 604c, 605c, 606c, 607c, 608c, 609c, 610c, 611c, 612c, 613c, 614c, 615c, 616c, 617c, 618c, 619c, 620c, 621c, 622c, 623c, 624c, 625c, 626c, 627c, 628c, 629c, 630c, 631c, 632c, 633c, 634c, 635c, 636c, 637c, 638c,

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[February 22, 1868.]

## WIT AND HUMOR.

## One of Davy Crockett's Stories.

The late Churchill C. Cambray told me (says Mr. J. H. Hackett in the *N. Y. Leader*) an anecdote of that eccentric and then brother member of Congress—the late David Crockett—who had a seat near him in the House of Representatives—Mr. Cambray being from the city of New York, and Mr. Crockett from Tennessee:

"One day, as I sat writing at my desk during an interval of the session, Crockett asked me how long I had been in Congress, and, upon being informed 'several years,' remarked, 'You ought, then, to write a pretty good hand by this time,' as though he thought my constant practice there should have improved it. Crockett continued: 'Some people object to me because of my want of education and larnin' generally. Now, some people know too much.'

"Said I: 'Oh, no! A man can't know too much.'

"Continued he: 'Yes, he can! I remember a case in Tennessee by which I can prove it to you.'

"Two farmers who lived not far apart met one day on horseback, when one said to the other: 'Who are you going to vote for for sheriff?' The other answered: 'John Robinson.' 'What?' said the questioner, 'you going to vote for him?' Why, he's such an ignorant cuss he can't spell his given name, John; and, what's worse, he is so stupid I would bet ten dollars you couldn't larn him to spell it between now and to-morrow noon.'

"The other remarked: 'I would be willing to take that bet anyhow.' 'Well,' said the proposer, 'I'll stand it.'

"Accordingly the bet was made, and a public house a few miles distant agreed upon as the place of their meeting at noon the next day for its decision, and the neighbors parted.

"The one who had made the bet in favor of John's ability proceeded straight to the house of John Robinson, a few miles off, and found him at home; told him of the conversation, and of his bet on him, and inquired whether it was true that he hadn't had education enough to spell 'John.' John Robinson at once owned up that he could not, that he had never been ten miles from that place where he was born, and that no schoolin' was to be had anywhere about them 'ere parts for love or money.' 'Never mind,' said he, 'John, I'll larn you mighty quick, and we'll divide the winnings.' The way to spell John is—J—O—H—N," which John readily repeated, and insisted upon his visitor's coming in and taking some whiskey, which he did freely, and talked over the affairs of the country till bed time, and at last was persuaded to stop all night with John; both on 'em being pretty tight.

"Next morning, at breakfast, on John's being asked to spell his name, he did so easily enough; but his friend wasn't satisfied, and said, 'John, there may be some crooked ketch after all in such politics. There's time enough between now and noon, and if you are a mind to larn the whole alphabet, I'll larn you from first to last; that is, from A to Izzard.' John agreed to be so larned, and he before noon could say every letter from A to Izzard; and off they started on horseback for the place appointed, where four or five of the neighbors had got together on purpose to hear John Robinson, and judge whether he was able to spell his given name.

"Five men were appointed as judges, the bet recited, and John was asked if he was ready to spell his name. John said, 'Try me.' And the judges said, 'Well, spell John.'

"So John began: 'J—'

"All the judges looked at him, and at one another, and then nodded and said, 'Right, next letter!'" "O—" said John.

"They all looked at one another as long as there was some doubt about the letter, but nodded at last and said, 'Right; now, next letter!'"

"Said John, 'That's H—'

"John's friend, seeing the judges, by halting in giving a judgment after every letter, had somewhat bothered him, so cautioned him to keep cool till after the judges had done fooling, and had agreed and said "Right." Now for the next letter, when his friend assured him, 'John, we are all right now but the last letter—don't forget' John hesitated, and thinking he meant the last letter of the alphabet, which he had just learned, bellowed out, 'Izzard, by thunder!' and lost the bet.

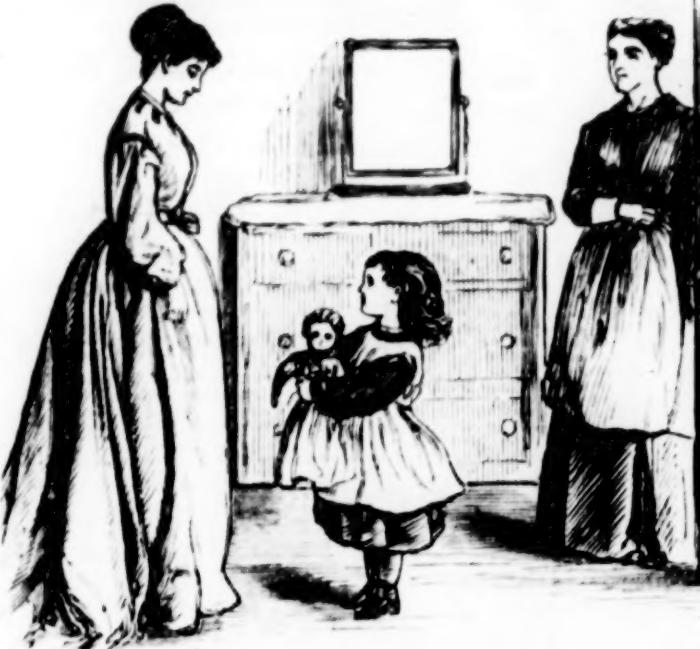
"Now, if his friend who made the bet had only been satisfied with giving John learning enough to spell John, he would have won it. And just so it is, now a days, with some people—they know too much for their own good. There's John Quincy Adams, now. He's so high larn he often gets so confused he can't tell a B from a Bumble bee!"

## A Black Eye.

The Rev. R. Balgarie, of Saratoga, gives the following story, told to him during a visit to the Catskill Mountains:—A gentle man of the party said, "John Brown once gave me a black eye. I was then a young land-surveyor, and was engaged professionally in a certain district. At dinner time a tall, bony, awkward man sat down at the table in his shirt sleeves. I thought it rude behavior, and remonstrated with him. He took no notice until, in my warmth, I challenged him outright. The challenge was accepted, and we went out into the yard to have it out. Having taken lessons in the art of boxing, I thought the man was no match for me. I had just put myself into position, according to the rules, when lo! something came between my eyes like an iron pump-handle, and I fell senseless to the ground. After recovering myself, my antagonist, who was supporting me, coolly said, 'Young man, the best thing you can do with that eye, is to apply a little raw beef to it.'

"A tall fellow, standing in the parterre of a theatre, was repeatedly desired to sit down, but he would not; when a voice from the second circle called out: 'Let him alone; he's a tailor, and he's resting him self!'

"A few men like your minister," was the equivalent reply of a stranger, when asked if he enjoyed the service.



NURSE.—"Perhaps, ma'am, you'd like to come and smooth your hair in my mistress's room?"

LITTLE INNOCENT.—"Oh no; do stay here"—at least, if you don't mind taking off your hair before me."

## Spiced Vinegar.

Here is a story, told by one who saw the parties at the table:

Last summer, while residing in New Orleans, a young who stood five feet eleven and three-quarters in his stockings, and hailed from somewhere up the Wabash, was invited by a friend to dine at the same house where I was boarding. This was the Hoosier's first visit away from home, and he told his friend, who was in the produce business, and had purchased his cargo of corn, as they took their seats at the table, that he expected he would show him all the sights in town, as he wanted to let all the folks at "hum" know about it. The servant brought a plate of soup; and observing a gentleman nearly opposite put considerable cut in his dish, our Hoosier pointed to a bottle of pepper sauce, and asked his neighbor what it was.

"Spiced vinegar," was the reply.

"Well," spose ye 'blige a feller by handin' it along."

"Certainly," was the answer.

The Hoosier took the bottle, and commenced dosing his soup; but as the sauce did not flow very freely, he took out the cork, at the same time observing to his friend,

"Kinder close folks yer stoppin' wish, to put such a plaguey little hole in that, to prevent a feller's takin' much of the stuff. I spouse it come high, don't it?"

During the time he poured nearly a wine glassful into his soup; and taking his spoon, he dipped it full, together with several peppers, and put it in his mouth. The next instant he spouted the contents of his spoon across the table into a French gentleman's bosom, and bawled out,

"Water! water! snakes and wildcats, give me some water! I'm all afire!"

"By gaw, sir!" exclaimed the Frenchman, in a rage, jumping up from the table, "you have spoiled my shirt, my vest, sir! I spouse every thing, sir! By gaw, I shall see about this, mate!"

In the meantime, the Hoosier had seized a pitcher containing water, and taken a tremendous draught. Setting down the pitcher, he eyed the Frenchman for a moment, and then yelled,

"Confound yer old shirt! 'Spose I was going to burn my ards out for you or yer shirt, you mean cuss! Come down to the boat, and I'll give you one of mine."

It was with difficulty the Hoosier's friend could allay the Frenchman's rage and set matters straight again. But ever after, "spiced vinegar" was a byword, and such went the whole table in a roar.

## An Investment in Horns.

We find the following in the *Savannah (Ga.) Republican*:

A friend of ours was sitting in his office on Monday, trying to fix his thoughts upon an abstruse work before him, but they wavered sadly from the subject, owing to the terrible noise maintained in front of his door by a small negro with a tin horn. Finally he became too nervous to stand it any longer, and went out and called the boy and asked how much he would take for the horn.

"I dunno, sah," was the answer.

"Will you take a quarter?"

"Yes, sah!"

The quarter was duly paid and the gentleman took possession of the offending horn. Scarcely had he resolved himself when a dim far more horrible broke out in front of his office. He rushed out, and there was the veritable negro, reinforced by a comrade, and both using their best efforts on tin horns. Again the boy was interrogated, this time as to where he obtained the horns.

"I buyed 'em, sah, wid de quarter what you give me."

He has concluded henceforth to pay no more quarters for tin horns. The cure proved worse than the disease.

An exchange says:—"We were considerably amused the other evening at three little girls playing among the brush in the yard. Two of them were making believe to keep house, a few yards distant from each other—neighbors as it were. One of them says to the third little girl, 'There now, Nellie, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her, and you go and tell her all I say—and then we'll get mad and don't speak to each other, just like our mothers do, you know. Oh! that will be such fun."

"A tall fellow, standing in the parterre of a theatre, was repeatedly desired to sit down, but he would not; when a voice from the second circle called out: 'Let him alone; he's a tailor, and he's resting him self!'

"A lazy farmer is virtually dead, and his farm wears weeds in mourning for him.

## Strawberries at Boston.

Some of the finest crops of strawberries

in the United States are raised in Belmont, near Boston, Massachusetts.

Four thousand quarts per acre not being unusual.

This result is obtained by taking new land, that is,

land which has not recently grown a straw

berry crop; ploughing it deeply, and giving

plenty of manure; setting out plants in the

spring; keeping the ground perfectly clean

the first season, and the next year gathering

the fruit. Then ploughing under the straw

berry beds, and beginning again on the

land. In the Boston market the Wilson will

not bring more than two-thirds as much as

some other kinds. Hovey's Seedling bears

the highest price, and is the most popular

among growers. Brighton Pine and Bush

Pine are used for fertilizing the Hovey.

Tromphee de Gaul succeeds best in hills,

and is an excellent fruit for amateur cul-

tivars.

## North Carolina.

Mr. W. A. Sampson, who is located at

Bush Hill, N. C., writes as follows to the

Maine Farmer:—"The climate here is de-

lightful, and everything for the comfort of

man can be successfully grown. I may

name figs, peaches—the finest in the United

States—apples, pears, plums, cherries, and all the small fruits, wheat, corn, and all cereals. The only thing lacking is grass. No cultivated grass is to be seen, except upon the meadows along the valleys of the many streams. The water is the purest and the timber the finest of any in the country. White oak and hickory abound of the best quality; also walnut, which is largely used for furniture. The hard pine is accessible at \$15 per thousand. The people are all anxious to see northern emigration. Land is very cheap; from \$2 to \$15 per acre."

OLD TIMES IN ILLINOIS.—Some of the correspondents of the *Prairie Farmer* are indulging in reminiscences. One man bought some rough split-bottom chairs at 50 cents each, when he was married in 1828, and paid for them in No. 1 wheat, at 23 cents per bushel. Corn was then from six to ten cents per bushel, and no market for potatoes at all. Another early settler says his father sold 2,000 bushels of corn and hauled it two miles, for five cents a bushel, and took one-half in whiskey! Another took a two-horse wagon load of pork twenty miles and sold it for \$1.25 in cash, five pounds of coffee and bacon enough to make a dress for his wife.

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